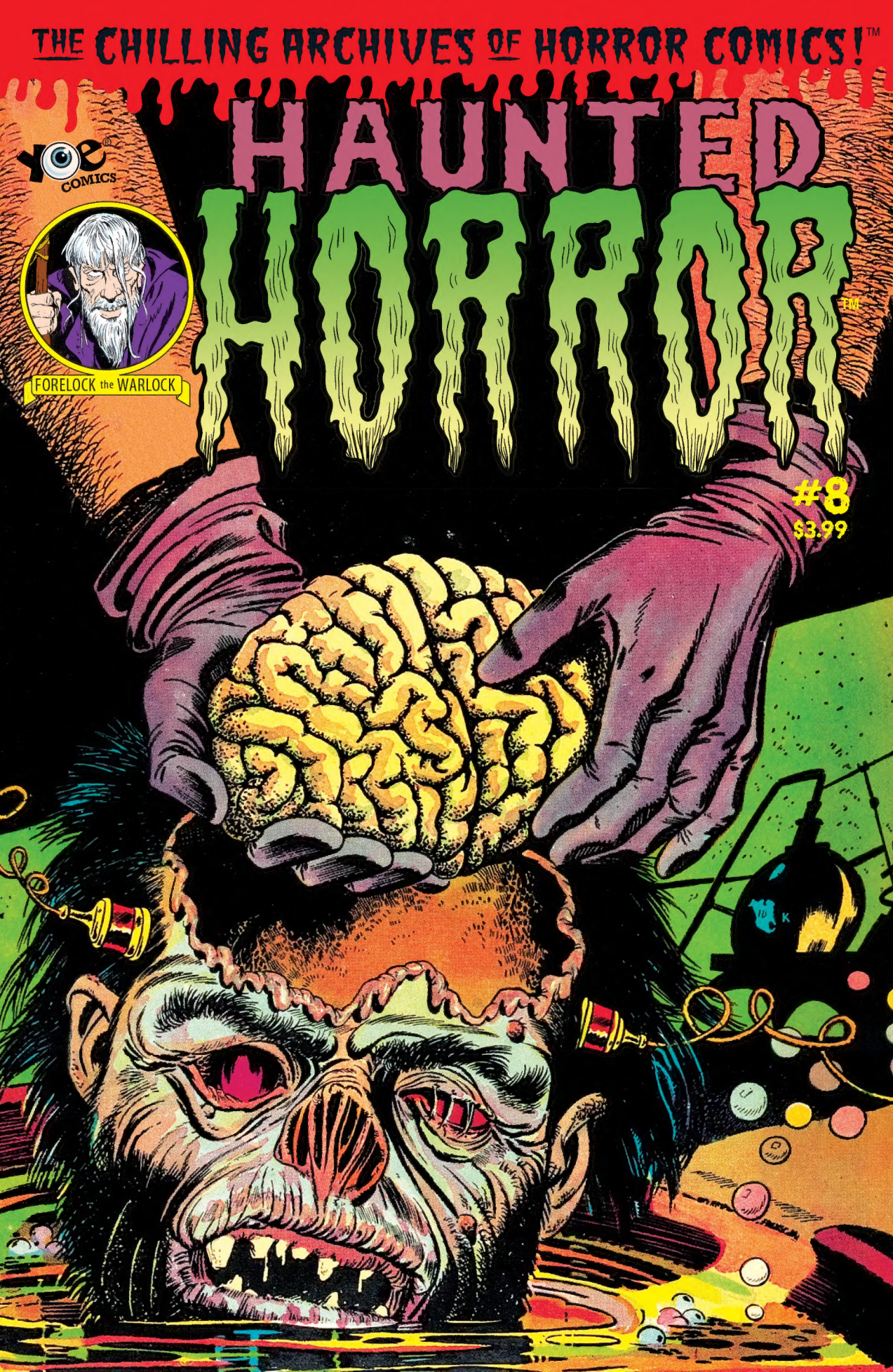
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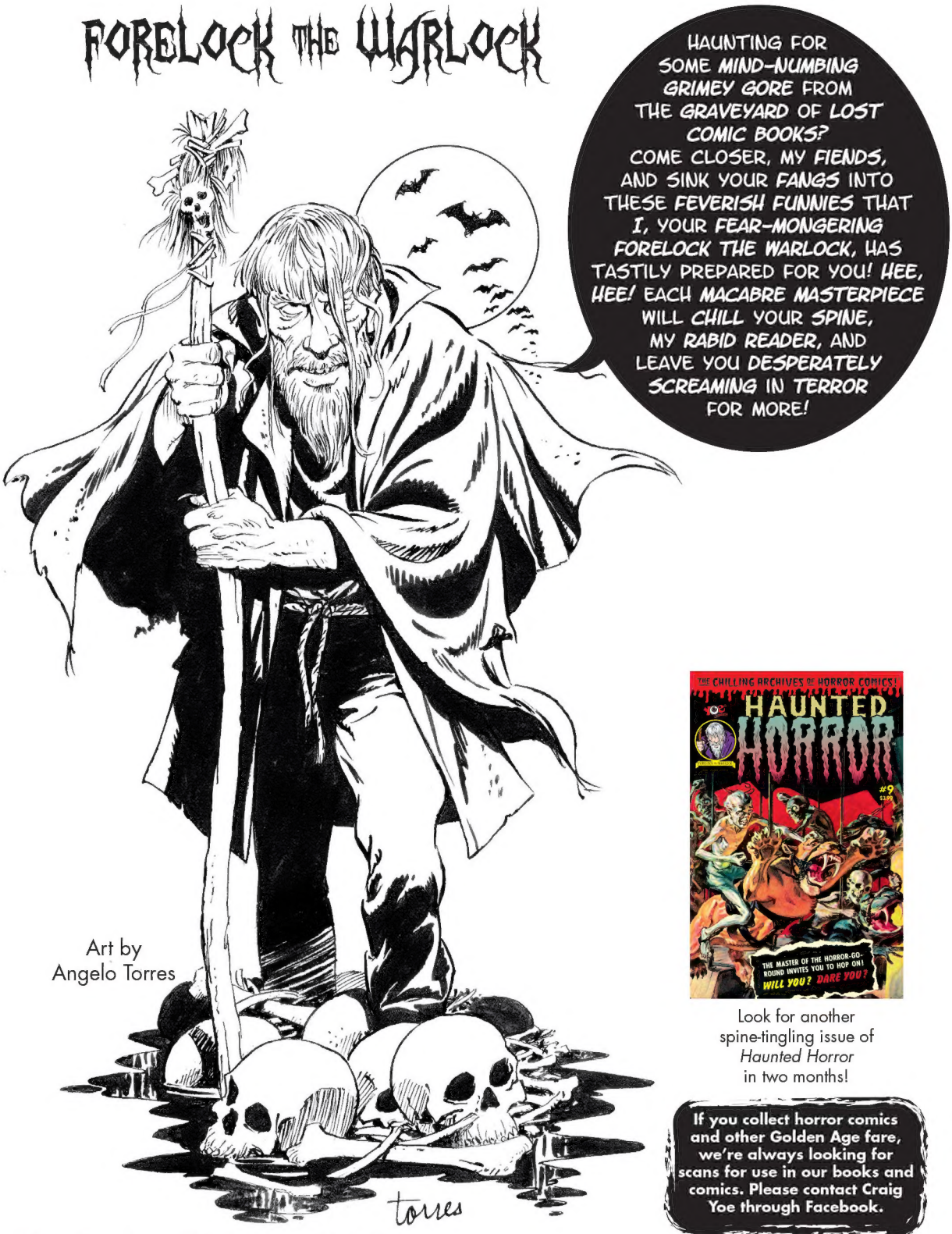
FORELOCK THE WARLOCK


HAUNTING FOR SOME MIND-NUMBING GRIMEY GORE FROM THE GRAVEYARD OF LOST COMIC BOOKS? COME CLOSER, MY FIENDS, AND SINK YOUR FANGS INTO THESE FEVERISH FUNNIES THAT I, YOUR FEAR-MONGERING FORELOCK THE WARLOCK, HAS TASTILY PREPARED FOR YOU! HEE, HEE! EACH MACABRE MASTERPIECE WILL CHILL YOUR SPINE, MY RABID READER, AND LEAVE YOU DESPERATELY SCREAMING IN TERROR FOR MORE!
Art by Angelo Torres
torres

THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!
HAUNTED HORROR
#9
THE MASTER OF THE HORROR-GO-ROUND INVITES YOU TO HOP ON! WILL YOU? DARE YOU?

Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.
Contributing Editors: Mike Howlett and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.

Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Tillmann Courth, Bill Leach, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr.
Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *Weird Mysteries #5*, June 1953. Artist: Bernard Baily.

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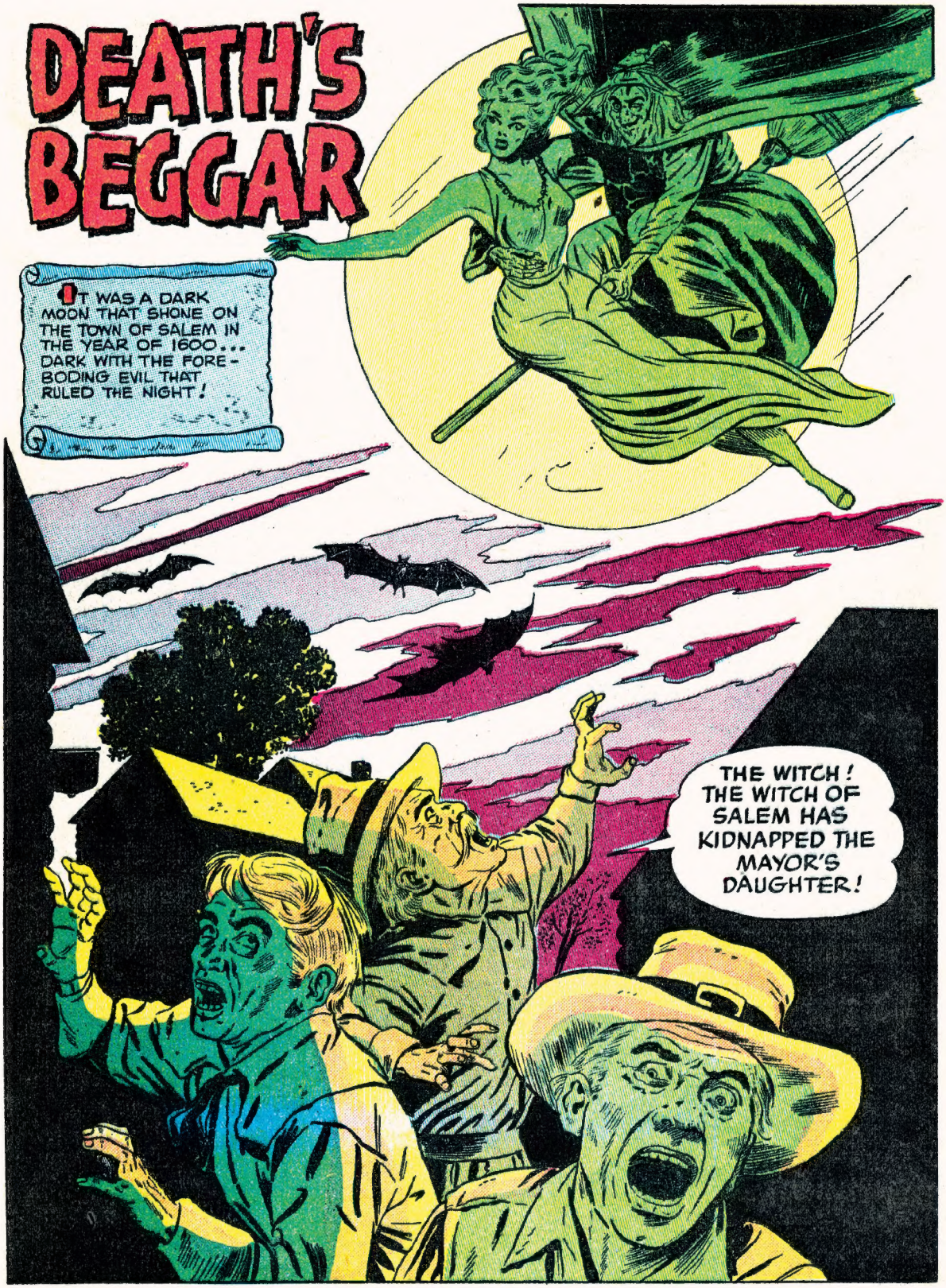
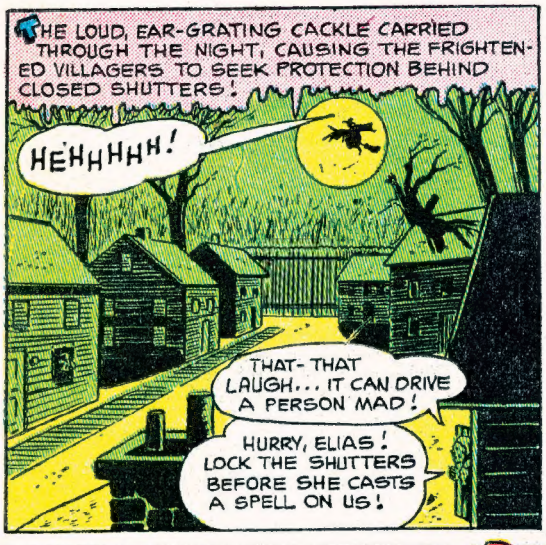

DEATH'S BEGGAR
IT WAS A DARK MOON THAT SHONE ON THE TOWN OF SALEM IN THE YEAR OF 1600... DARK WITH THE FORE-BODING EVIL THAT RULED THE NIGHT!
THE WITCH! THE WITCH OF SALEM HAS KIDNAPPED THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER!

Strange Stories from Another World #2, August 1952. Artist: Sheldon Moldoff. Publisher: Fawcett.

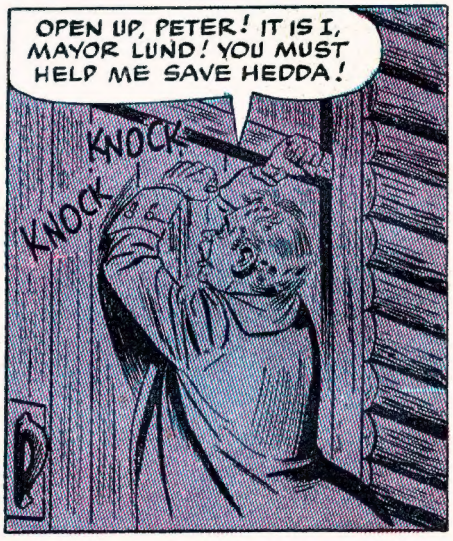
THE ANGUISHED CRIES OF THE LATE CAROUSERS AROUSED THE VILLAGERS WHOSE SLEEP-LADEN EYES REGISTERED STARK FEAR AND THEIR FACES GLISTENED WITH ICY BEADS OF PERSPIRATION!

IT IS SAID THAT EVERY FIFTY YEARS THE WITCH STEALS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN TOWN AND ASSUMES HER IDENTITY, SO SHE CAN CONTINUE TO CAST HER EVIL SPELLS UNDETECTED!
UGHHH! HOW HORRIBLE!


THE LOUD, EAR-GRATING CACKLE CARRIED THROUGH THE NIGHT, CAUSING THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS TO SEEK PROTECTION BEHIND CLOSED SHUTTERS!
HEHHHHH!
THAT- THAT LAUGH... IT CAN DRIVE A PERSON MAD!
HURRY, ELIAS! LOCK THE SHUTTERS BEFORE SHE CASTS A SPELL ON US!

BUT THERE WAS ONE THAT DARED TO FACE THE TERRORS OF THE NIGHT.

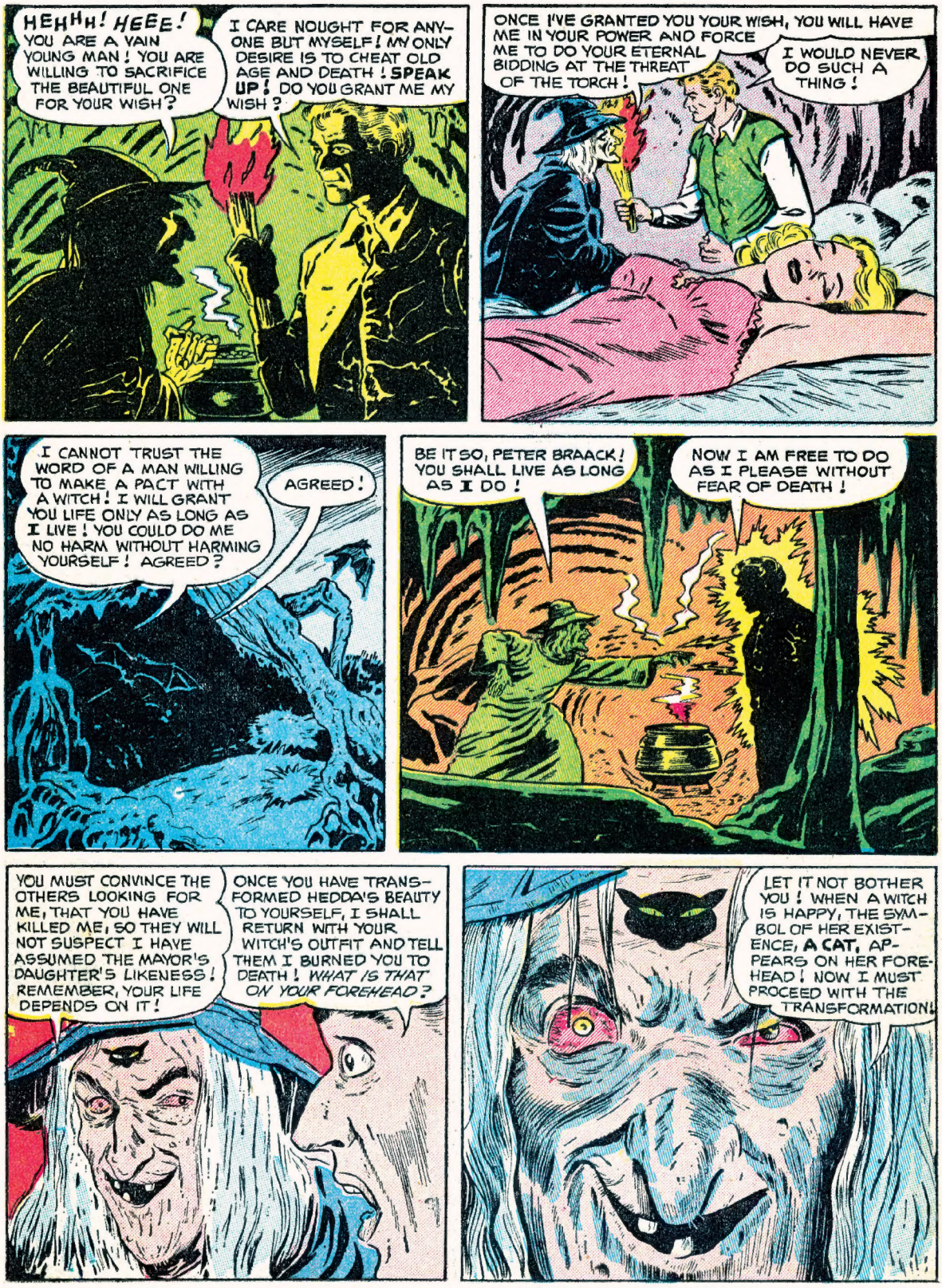
THE UNBOUNDING, UNSELFISH LOVE FOR A DAUGHTER WAS GREATER THAN HIS FEAR OF PERSONAL DANGERS.



PETER, WE MUST HURRY AND HUNT DOWN THAT WITCH AND KILL HER BEFORE SHE KILLS HEDDA!
I DRESSED AS QUICKLY AS I COULD. HAVE NO FEAR OF THE WITCH! I SHALL ORGANIZE THE MEN AND LEAD THEM TO THE HUNT!

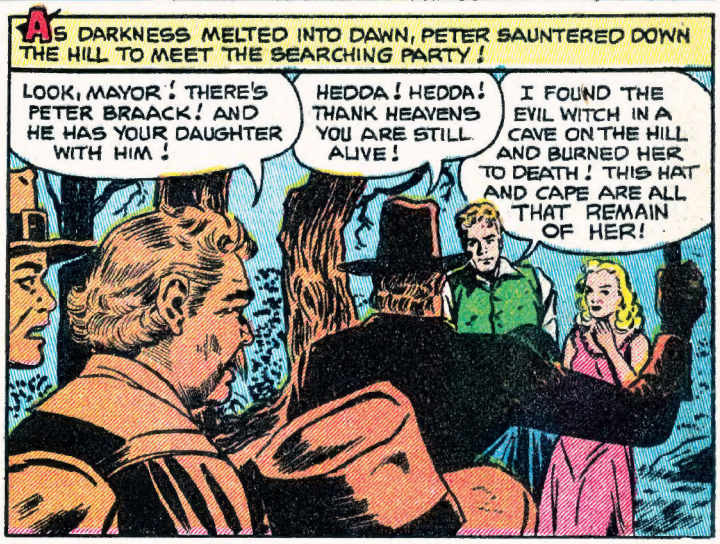
PETER BRAACK WAS THE MAYOR'S SECRETARY AND AFFIANCED TO THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL. HIS SWAGGERING HANDSOMENESS WAS ADMIRED BY ALL, AND THE MEN CONSIDERED HIM A FEARLESS, FORTHRIGHT YOUNG MAN!

FOLLOW ME, I'LL LEAD THE WAY!
PETER'S STRIDE WAS FORCEFUL, ASSURED, AS HE LEAD THE SMALL BAND INTO THE DENSE, DARK, WOODS. THE ATMOSPHERE WAS DANK, OPPRESSIVE, CARRYING WITH IT THE VERY SMELL OF DEATH!
HALT! I SHALL COVER THE HILL AREA, THE REST OF YOU MEN PAIR OFF AND SEARCH THE WOODS!
BUT PETER'S BRAVADO WAS BUT A CLOAK THAT SHROUDED HIS COWARDLY AND AVARICIOUS PERSON. ICICLE FINGERS OF DREAD CLUTCHED AT HIM AND THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART MADE HIM GASP FOR BREATH! BUT A SECRET, UNEARTHLY DESIRE GNAWED AT HIM, PUSHED HIM ON!
I CANNOT TURN BACK NOW! I MUST—I MUST CONTINUE! I'VE WAITED FOR A CHANCE LIKE THIS AND NOW..GASP... THAT I HAVE IT, I SHALL DRIVE MY BARGAIN!
BOIL AND BUBBLE! BUBBLE AND BOIL! TO ME COMES HER BEAUTY WHILE HER BODY RETURNS TO THE SOIL!
T'WAS NO TROUBLE TO DISCOVER THE WITCH'S LAIR, FOR I HAVE KNOWN OF IT FOR SOME TIME!
AIEEE! KEEP AWAY FROM ME WITH THAT TORCH!
SO IT IS TRUE THAT WITCHES FEAR A FIRE THAT IS NOT OF THEIR OWN MAKING! WELL, THEN I NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF THIS UGLY CRONE!
YOU NEED NOT FEAR ME, FOR I, PETER BRAACK, HAVE COME TO BARGAIN WITH YOU. KEEP THE BEAUTY WHO WAS MY PROMISED BRIDE AND DO WITH HER WHAT YOU WILL! I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE IF YOU WILL GRANT ME MY WISH!
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?
EVERLASTING YOUTH!


HEHHH! HEEE! YOU ARE A VAIN YOUNG MAN! YOU ARE WILLING TO SACRIFICE THE BEAUTIFUL ONE FOR YOUR WISH?
I CARE NOUGHT FOR ANYONE BUT MYSELF! MY ONLY DESIRE IS TO CHEAT OLD AGE AND DEATH! SPEAK UP! DO YOU GRANT ME MY WISH?
ONCE I'VE GRANTED YOU YOUR WISH, YOU WILL HAVE ME IN YOUR POWER AND FORCE ME TO DO YOUR ETERNAL BIDDING AT THE THREAT OF THE TORCH!
I WOULD NEVER DO SUCH A THING!
I CANNOT TRUST THE WORD OF A MAN WILLING TO MAKE A PACT WITH A WITCH! I WILL GRANT YOU LIFE ONLY AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU COULD DO ME NO HARM WITHOUT HARMING YOURSELF! AGREED?
AGREED!
BE IT SO, PETER BRAACK! YOU SHALL LIVE AS LONG AS I DO!
NOW I AM FREE TO DO AS I PLEASE WITHOUT FEAR OF DEATH!
YOU MUST CONVINCE THE OTHERS LOOKING FOR ME, THAT YOU HAVE KILLED ME; SO THEY WILL NOT SUSPECT I HAVE ASSUMED THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER'S LIKENESS! REMEMBER, YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!
ONCE YOU HAVE TRANSFORMED HEDDA'S BEAUTY TO YOURSELF, I SHALL RETURN WITH YOUR WITCH'S OUTFIT AND TELL THEM I BURNED YOU TO DEATH! WHAT IS THAT ON YOUR FOREHEAD?
LET IT NOT BOTHER YOU! WHEN A WITCH IS HAPPY, THE SYMBOL OF HER EXISTENCE, A CAT, APPEARS ON HER FOREHEAD! NOW I MUST PROCEED WITH THE TRANSFORMATION!

WITH MORAL INSENSIBILITY, PETER WATCHED AND LISTENED TO THE WITCH'S INCANTATIONS. WITH NO MORE FEELING THAN MERE CURIOSITY, HE WATCHED AS THE DIABOLICAL TRANSFORMATION BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE.

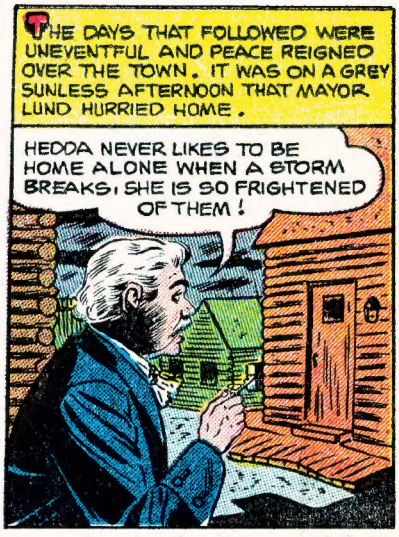
NOW PICK UP MY HAT AND CAPE AND REMEMBER, ---YOU MUST CONVINCE EVERYBODY THAT THE WITCH NO LONGER EXISTS!
QUIET, WITCH! I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT TO DO!

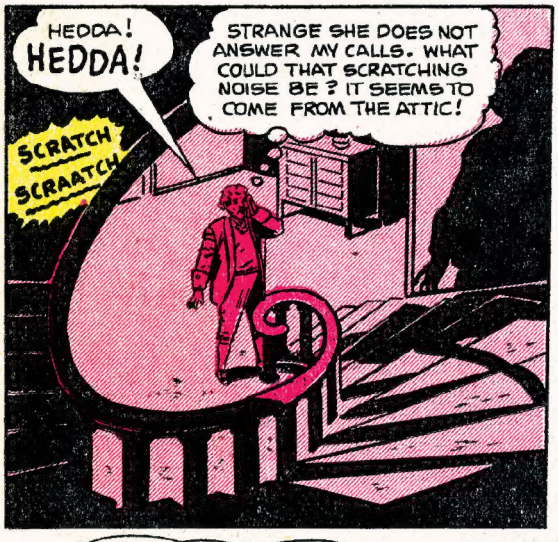

AS DARKNESS MELTED INTO DAWN, PETER SAUNTERED DOWN THE HILL TO MEET THE SEARCHING PARTY!
LOOK, MAYOR! THERE'S PETER BRAACK! AND HE HAS YOUR DAUGHTER WITH HIM!
HEDDA! HEDDA! THANK HEAVENS YOU ARE STILL ALIVE!
I FOUND THE EVIL WITCH IN A CAVE ON THE HILL AND BURNED HER TO DEATH! THIS HAT AND CAPE ARE ALL THAT REMAIN OF HER!

BUT I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD THAT WHEN A WITCH IS KILLED, ONE SEES THE SYMBOL OF A WITCH, A CAT, FALLING IN FLAMES FROM THE MOON! WE SAW NOTHING!
YOU WERE ALL TOO BUSY SEARCHING TO NOTICE! HEDDA AND I SAW IT!
THAT IS SO!

WHY DO YOU TREMBLE SO, MY DARLING? THERE IS NO NEED TO BE FRIGHTENED ANY LONGER!
FATHER, I WAS IMPRISONED IN THAT DARK CAVE SO LONG, THOSE TORCHES BOTHER MY EYES!

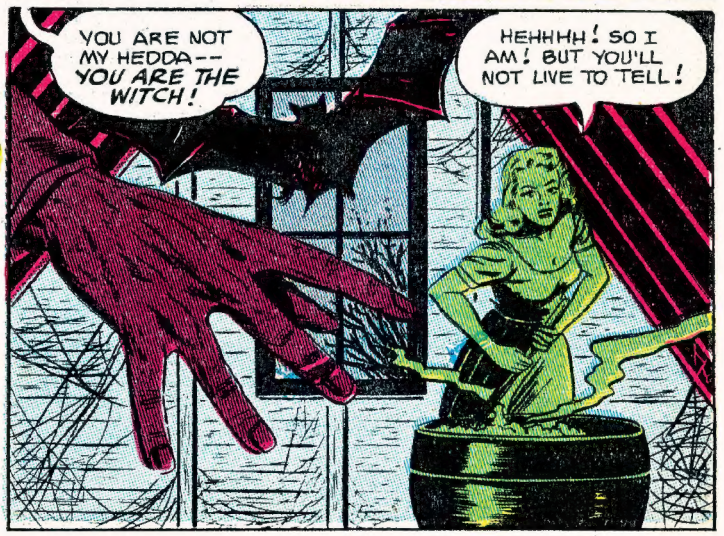
YOU HEARD HEDDA! PUT OUT YOUR TORCHES!
SALEM WILL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TONIGHT, PETER BRAACK! YOU ARE INDEED A COURAGEOUS MAN!


THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE UNEVENTFUL AND PEACE REIGNED OVER THE TOWN. IT WAS ON A GREY SUNLESS AFTERNOON THAT MAYOR LUND HURRIED HOME.
HEDDA NEVER LIKES TO BE HOME ALONE WHEN A STORM BREAKS, SHE IS SO FRIGHTENED OF THEM!


HEDDA!
HEDDA!
STRANGE SHE DOES NOT ANSWER MY CALLS. WHAT COULD THAT SCRATCHING NOISE BE? IT SEEMS TO COME FROM THE ATTIC!
SCRATCH
SCRAATCH

HE CLIMBED THE STAIRS SLOWLY, ALMOST RELUCTANTLY, SENSING RATHER THAN FEELING, A FORCE THAT SEEMED TO DETER HIS FOOTSTEPS.

HE FELT A COLD BREATH OF AIR BRUSH PAST HIM AS HE APPROACHED THE ATTIC DOOR!



THE ANGUISHED CRIES AND SCREAMS THAT EMANATED FROM THE HOUSE ATTRACTED THE TOWN-FOLKS WHO, ACCOMPANIED BY PETER, FOUND THE MORTALLY WOUNDED BODY OF MAYOR LUND! THEY WAITED UNTIL HEDDA'S HYSTERIA SUBSIDED..

WHO DID THIS FOUL DEED, HEDDA?

PETER BRAACK!

THE NAME HAD UNWITTINGLY SLIPPED HER LIPS AND SHE KNEW IT WOULD BE FOLLY TO RETRACT HER STATEMENT!

HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME OF MURDER?

I DARE BECAUSE IT'S TRUE! YOU QUARRELED WITH MY FATHER BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT GIVE YOU THE SUM OF MONEY YOU DEMANDED FOR HAVING SAVED ME FROM THE WITCH! I SAW YOU KILL HIM!

DON'T BELIEVE HER! SHE ISN'T THE REAL HEDDA--SHE'S **THE WITCH!** *THE WITCH, I TELL YOU!*

HOW COULD HEDDA BE THE WITCH? YOU YOURSELF TOLD US YOU KILLED HER! YOU SHOWED US HER CAPE AND HAT AS PROOF! YOUR LIES CONDEMN YOU, PETER BRAACK!

THE REALIZATION HIS PACT WITH THE WITCH MUST REMAIN UNKNOWN, FOR HER DEATH WOULD MEAN HIS, TOO, COMPELLED PETER TO REMAIN SILENT AFTER THAT! HIS WAS A SWAGGERING DEFIANCE THAT WALKED TO THE GALLOWS!

IT SHALL SOON BE OVER!

HA! HA! FOOLS! I CAN'T BE KILLED! SOON YOU WILL DISCOVER THIS AND THEN SHALL ALL GROVEL AT MY FEET!

A PIERCING SCREAM OF TORTURE, ANGER AND DEFEAT, RENT THE AIR AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENED AROUND HIS PROUD NECK! PETER DISCOVERED HE WAS IMMUNED TO DEATH--BUT NOT TO PAIN!

I NEVER HEARD SUCH INHUMAN SCREAMS!

GRAIEEEEE!

LET US WAIT OUTSIDE THE YARD UNTIL IT IS OVER!

THE PAIN! THE PAIN! ..SOB..SOB..

MY HEAD! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE — IT CAN'T BE! MY HEAD!

TORMENTED BY HIS DEFEAT AND PHYSICAL PAINS, PETER STUMBLED BLINDLY AROUND THE COURTYARD, A GROTESQUE FIGURE WITH HIS HEAD TWISTED BACKWARDS ON HIS BODY!
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!--GASP--THE WITCH WILL HELP ME! --SOB--BUT I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!
...SOB... THE GATE--WHERE IS THE GATE!
LOOK! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S STILL ALIVE! HE MUST BE BEWITCHED!
LET US NOT STAND HERE LIKE WHIMPERING COWARDS! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM BEFORE HE DOES HARM TO SOMEONE!
PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME GO! I MUST SEE HEDDA.... I MUST!
NO! YOU SHALL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO HARM THAT GIRL!
THE FIRE! THE FIRE!
I MUST SEE--AIIIEEEE!
UGGH!
OUT OF THE SEARING TONGUES OF THE FIRE CRAWLED A SIGHT THAT FROZE MEN INTO HORROR-STRICKEN STATUES! ONLY THE CRACKLING OF THE BURNING WOOD CUT THE PREVAILING SILENCE!

THE MAN WHO HAD COLD BLOODEDLY SACRIFICED A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOR ETERNAL LIFE, NOW FOUND EXISTENCE UNBEARABLE AS INDESCRIBABLE PAIN WRACKED HIS BODY! NOT EVEN THE MERCIFUL BLANKET OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS WAS PERMITTED HIM. HE UTTERED ONLY ONE WORD...

DEATH! DEATH!

ON AND ON, EACH DRAGGING STEP MORE TORTUROUS THAN THE LAST, PETER MADE HIS WAY OUT OF THE COURTYARD AND THROUGH THE VILLAGE!

SHE MUST--SHE MUST LET ME DIE! DIE!

HEDDA! HEDDA! WHERE ARE YOU?? HEDDA!

SHE HEARS ME...BUT SHE WON'T ANSWER! BUT I KNOW WHERE SHE IS. THE ATTIC!

I CAN'T STAND THE PAIN MUCH LONGER! I'LL BEG HER--BEG HER TO RELEASE ME!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME! HELP ME!

HEDDA, I BEG YOU! TAKE AWAY THE SPELL OF EVERLASTING LIFE!..SOB.. LET ME DIE!

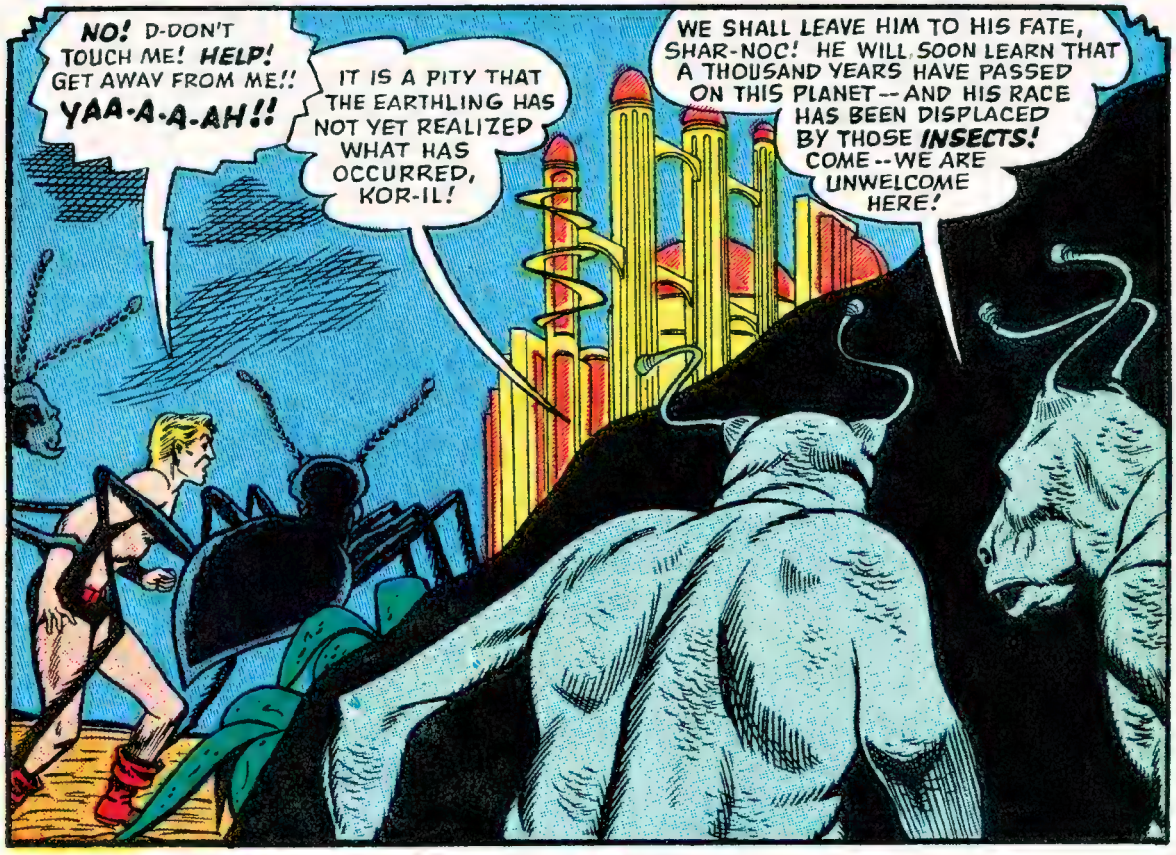
DIE, DO YOU HEAR!

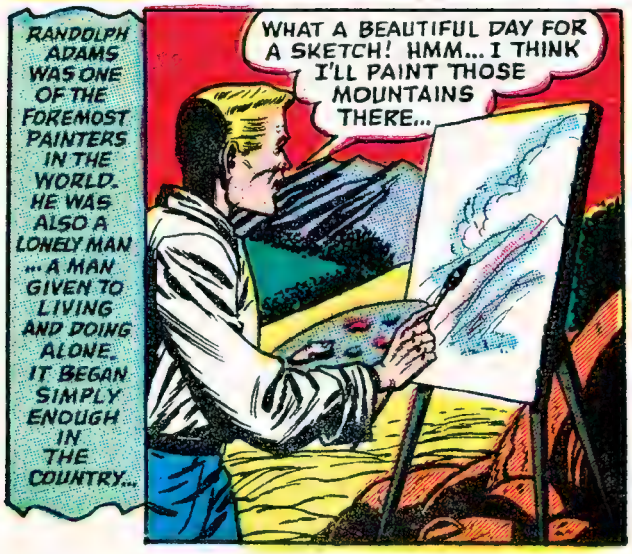
HEEEHEEE!!!!! HEEEHEE!!!

DIE? YOU CAN'T DIE UNTIL I DIE! AND I DON'T EXPECT TO DIE EVER! NOW GO!
THEN DIE, WITCH! BURN!
YOU FOOL! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!
YOU CANNOT STOP ME, NOW! ONCE I BARGAINED FOR ETERNAL LIFE, NOW I WANT DEATH! DEATH!
AND AS THE FLAMES CONSUMED THE WITCH, THE PACT WITH PETER BRAACK CAME TO AND END, RELEASING HIM INTO DEATH'S HANDS!
HEEEHIIHEE!
THE FAMILIAR WITCH'S CRY STRUCK AT THE BAND OF VILLAGERS WHO WERE SEEKING PETER!
THE SCREAM IS COMING FROM THE MAYOR'S HOUSE!
HEEEHIIHEE
LOOK! LOOK AT THE MOON!
A WITCH HAS PERISHED!
HEDDA!
THE PHENOMENA PASSED AND THE VILLAGERS BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF! THEY KNEW NOW WHAT HAD TRANSPIRED BETWEEN PETER AND THE WITCH... KNEW ALSO THAT THE EVIL THAT HAD DWELT AMONG THEM WAS GONE FOREVER!

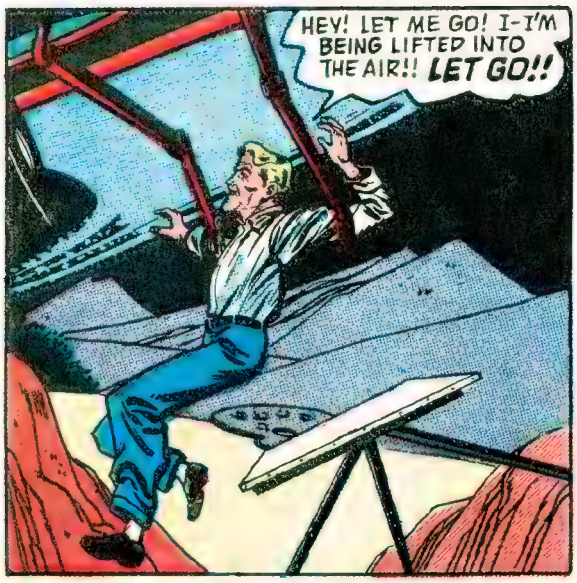
RANDOLPH ADAMS strived for beauty in his paintings. And he was a master in his work -- a firm realist who believed in truth -- until he discovered the scourge from outer space, and the horror they brought... which was to doom him forever to the dismal depths of insanity... where mankind fought and lost to ---

THE UNINVITED

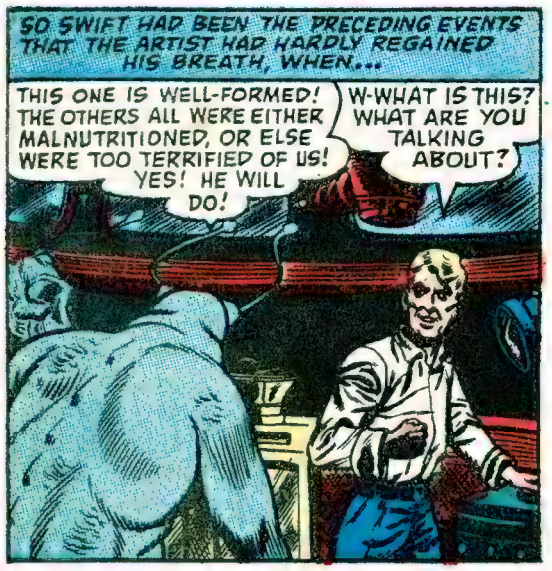

NO! D-DON'T TOUCH ME! HELP! GET AWAY FROM ME!! YAA-A-A-AH!!
IT IS A PITY THAT THE EARTHLING HAS NOT YET REALIZED WHAT HAS OCCURRED, KOR-IL!
WE SHALL LEAVE HIM TO HIS FATE, SHAR-NOC! HE WILL SOON LEARN THAT A THOUSAND YEARS HAVE PASSED ON THIS PLANET -- AND HIS RACE HAS BEEN DISPLACED BY THOSE INSECTS! COME -- WE ARE UNWELCOME HERE!

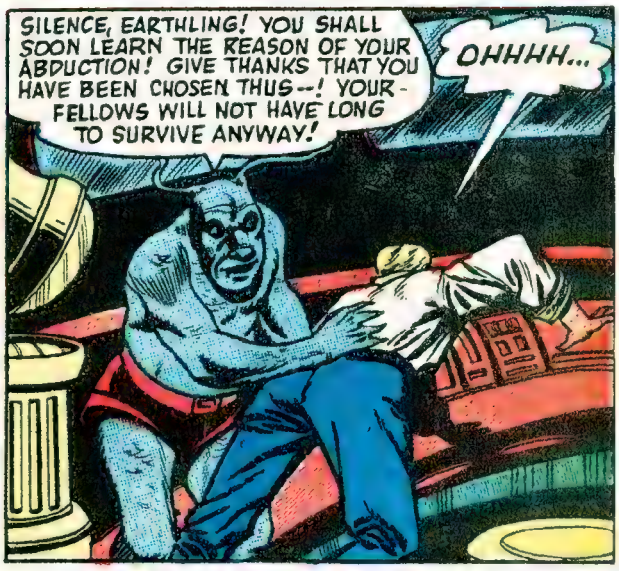

RANDOLPH ADAMS WAS ONE OF THE FOREMOST PAINTERS IN THE WORLD. HE WAS ALSO A LONELY MAN ... A MAN GIVEN TO LIVING AND DOING ALONE. IT BEGAN SIMPLY ENOUGH IN THE COUNTRY...
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A SKETCH! HMM... I THINK I'LL PAINT THOSE MOUNTAINS THERE...

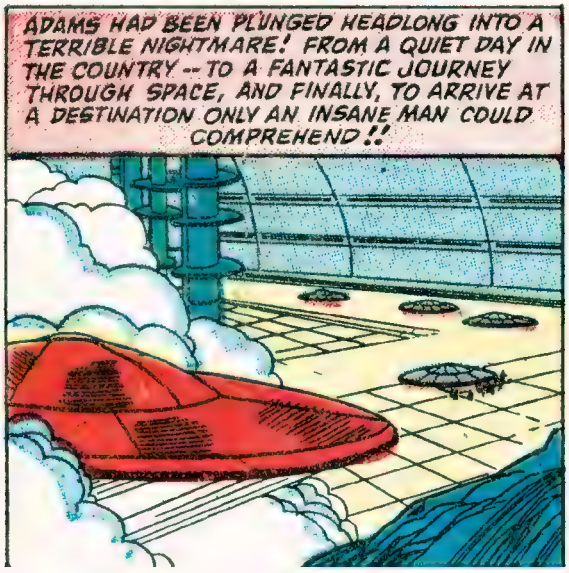
Beware #14, March 1953. Writer: Richard Kahn; artist: Al Gordon. Publisher: Trojan Magazines.

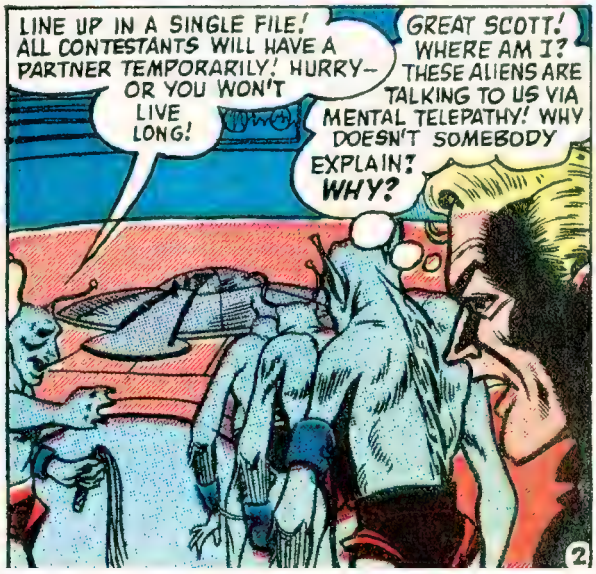

HEY! LET ME GO! I-I'M BEING LIFTED INTO THE AIR!! LET GO!!

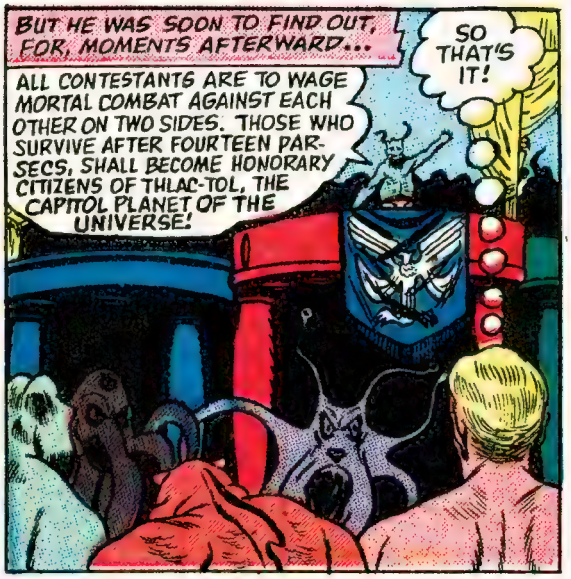
WE HAVE OUR SPECIMEN SECURE, SHAR-NOC! BEHOLD--HE STRUGGLES WITH FURIOUS DESPERATION!
YES, KOR-IL, OUR JOURNEY HAS BEEN A SATISFACTORY ONE! COME--! LET US DEPOSIT HIM WITHIN!

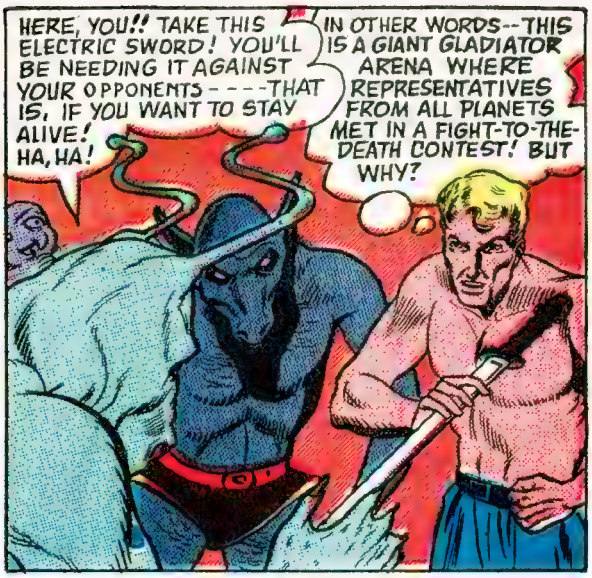

SO SWIFT HAD BEEN THE PRECEDING EVENTS THAT THE ARTIST HAD HARDLY REGAINED HIS BREATH, WHEN...
THIS ONE IS WELL-FORMED! THE OTHERS ALL WERE EITHER MALNUTRITIONED, OR ELSE WERE TOO TERRIFIED OF US! YES! HE WILL DO!
W-WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


SILENCE, EARTHLING! YOU SHALL SOON LEARN THE REASON OF YOUR ABDUCTION! GIVE THANKS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN THUS--! YOUR FELLOWS WILL NOT HAVE LONG TO SURVIVE ANYWAY!
OHHHH...

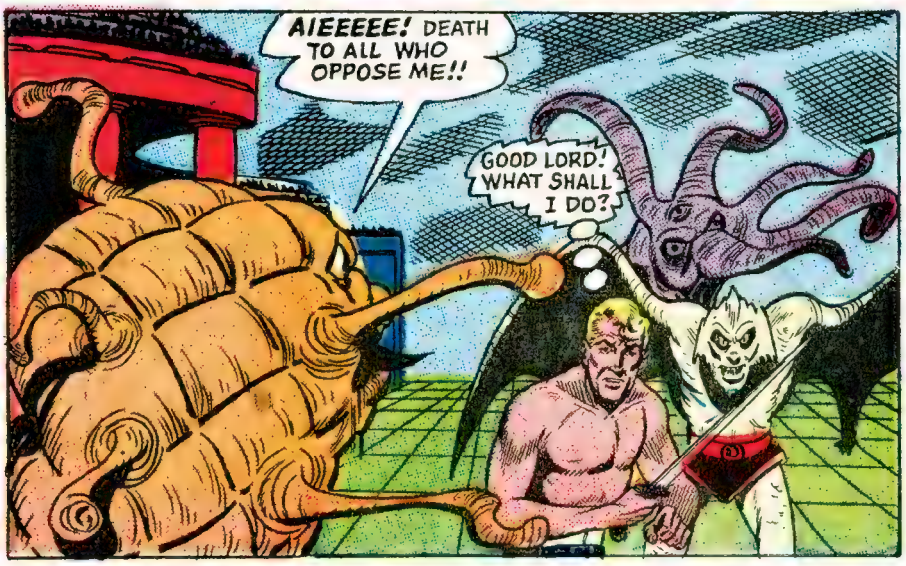

ADAMS HAD BEEN PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! FROM A QUIET DAY IN THE COUNTRY -- TO A FANTASTIC JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE, AND FINALLY, TO ARRIVE AT A DESTINATION ONLY AN INSANE MAN COULD COMPREHEND!!

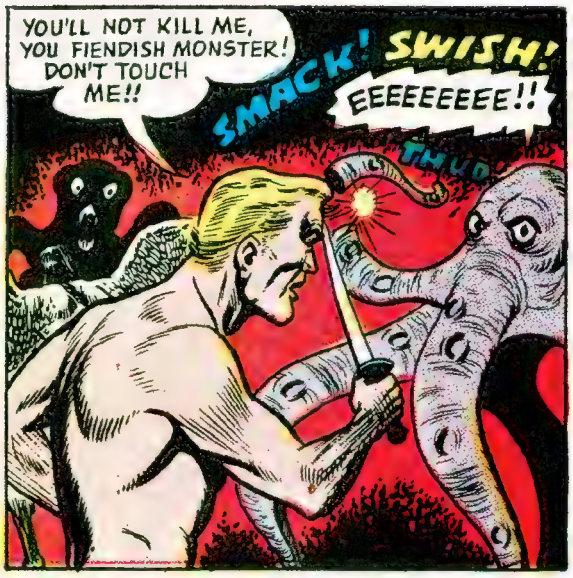

LINE UP IN A SINGLE FILE! ALL CONTESTANTS WILL HAVE A PARTNER TEMPORARILY! HURRY-- OR YOU WON'T LIVE LONG!
GREAT SCOTT! WHERE AM I? THESE ALIENS ARE TALKING TO US VIA MENTAL TELEPATHY! WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY EXPLAIN? WHY?

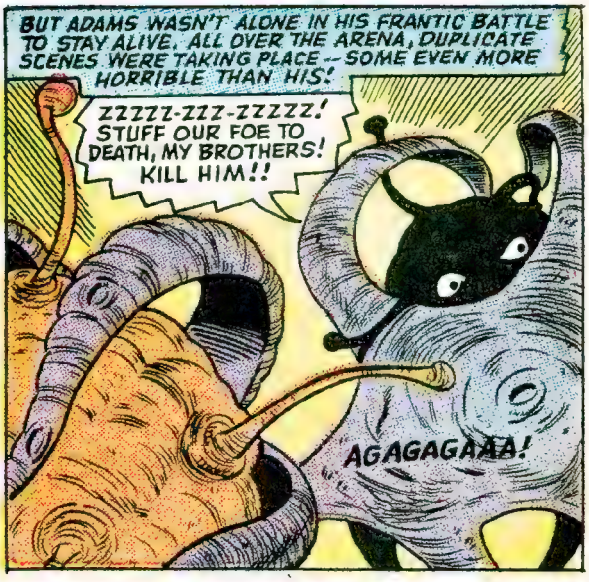

BUT HE WAS SOON TO FIND OUT, FOR, MOMENTS AFTERWARD...
SO THAT'S IT!
ALL CONTESTANTS ARE TO WAGE MORTAL COMBAT AGAINST EACH OTHER ON TWO SIDES. THOSE WHO SURVIVE AFTER FOURTEEN PARSECS, SHALL BECOME HONORARY CITIZENS OF THLAC-TOL, THE CAPITOL PLANET OF THE UNIVERSE!


HERE, YOU!! TAKE THIS ELECTRIC SWORD! YOU'LL BE NEEDING IT AGAINST YOUR OPPONENTS - - - -THAT IS, IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE! HA, HA!
IN OTHER WORDS--THIS IS A GIANT GLADIATOR ARENA WHERE REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL PLANETS MET IN A FIGHT-TO-THE-DEATH CONTEST! BUT WHY?

RANDOLPH ADAMS AGAIN WAS TO POSTPONE HIS QUESTIONS--FOR FACING HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STADIUM CAME--SHEER HORROR! THE VOICE OF THE SPEAKER ANNOUNCED EACH CREATURE AS IT STEPPED INTO VIEW! TENTACLED SLUGS FROM NEPTUNE... PSEUDO-POD KILLER AMOEBAS FROM MARS--PUFF-BALL POISON ENTITIES FROM VENUS... FLYING DRAGONMEN FROM SATURN--AND SO FORTH. TWO SIDES WERE RAPIDLY FORMED --AND THE "CONTEST" BEGAN!

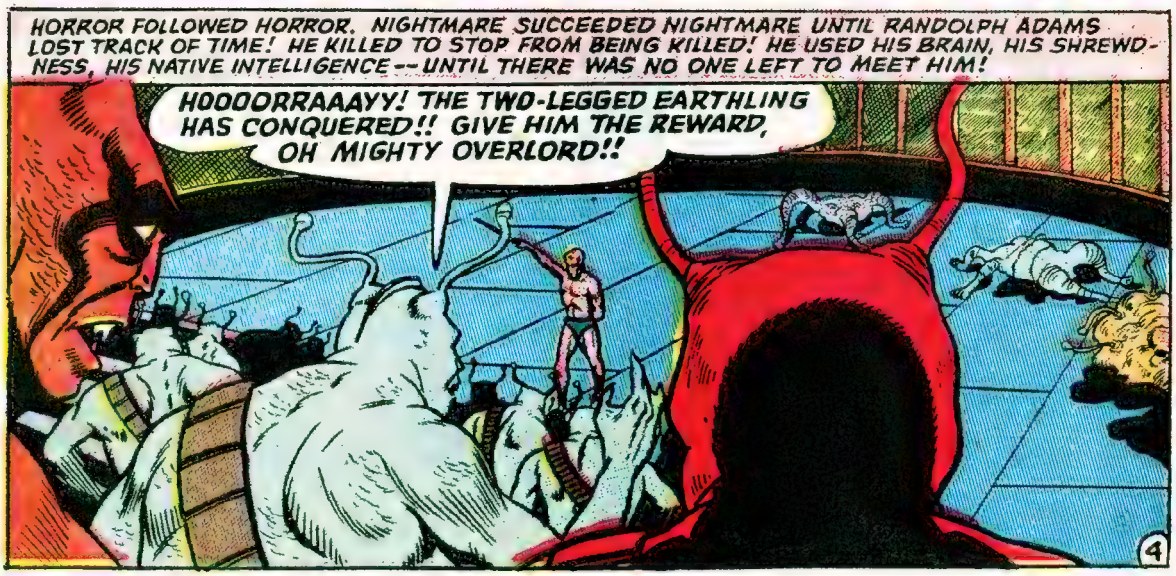



YOU'LL NOT KILL ME, YOU FIENDISH MONSTER! DON'T TOUCH ME!!
SMACK!
SWISH!
EEEEEEEEE!!
THUD

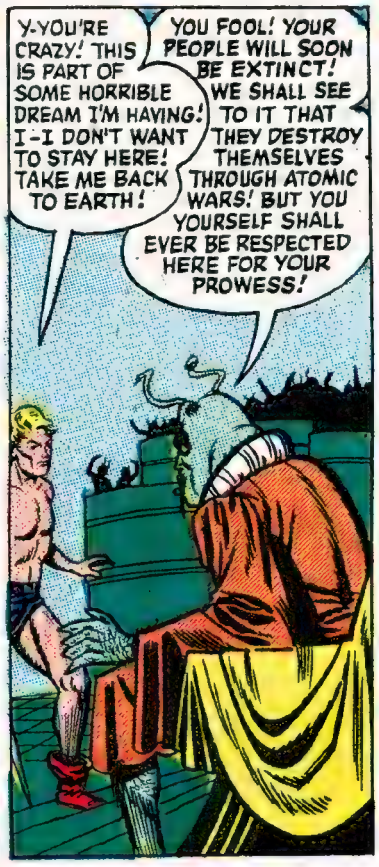

BUT ADAMS WASN'T ALONE IN HIS FRANTIC BATTLE TO STAY ALIVE. ALL OVER THE ARENA, DUPLICATE SCENES WERE TAKING PLACE -- SOME EVEN MORE HORRIBLE THAN HIS!
ZZZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZZZ! STUFF OUR FOE TO DEATH, MY BROTHERS! KILL HIM!!
AGAGAGAAA!

DIE -- WHATEVER BEING YOU ARE, TWO-LEGGED CREATURE!!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!! YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME OFF-GUARD FIRST!!

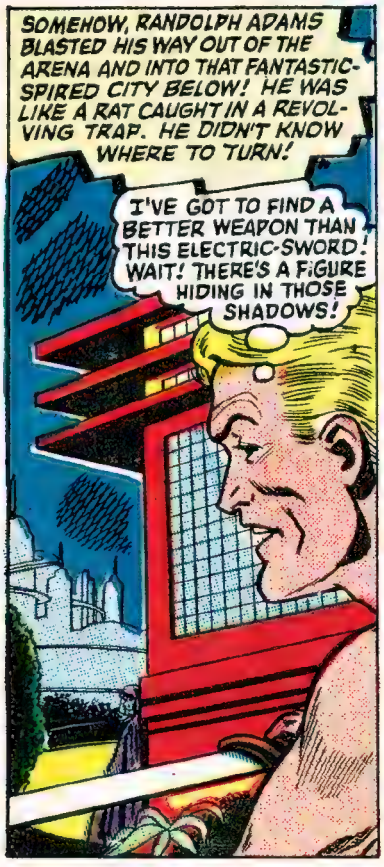
HERE'S SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON!!
AIIIEEEEEEE!!


HORROR FOLLOWED HORROR. NIGHTMARE SUCCEEDED NIGHTMARE UNTIL RANDOLPH ADAMS LOST TRACK OF TIME! HE KILLED TO STOP FROM BEING KILLED! HE USED HIS BRAIN, HIS SHREWDNESS, HIS NATIVE INTELLIGENCE -- UNTIL THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT TO MEET HIM!
HOOOORRAAAYY! THE TWO-LEGGED EARTHLING HAS CONQUERED!! GIVE HIM THE REWARD, OH MIGHTY OVERLORD!!
4

YOU HAVE WON YOUR RIGHT TO BECOME A CITIZEN OF THLAC-THOL, EARTHLING! KNOW YOU NOW THAT THIS CONTEST WAS TO DETERMINE WHICH OF THE RACES IN THE UNIVERSE HAVE REACHED SUFFICIENT DEVELOP-MENT TO CHALLENGE US IN OUR SUPREMACY! BECAUSE YOU WON, YOUR RACE SHALL BE DESTROYED!

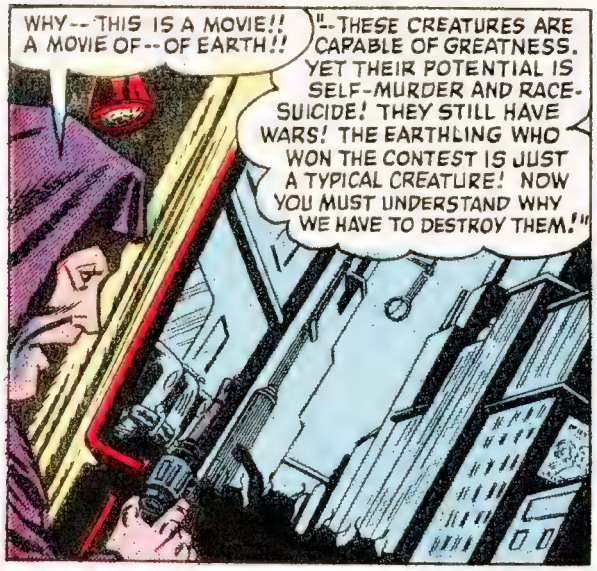

Y-YOU'RE CRAZY! THIS IS PART OF SOME HORRIBLE DREAM I'M HAVING! I-I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE! TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH!
YOU FOOL! YOUR PEOPLE WILL SOON BE EXTINCT! WE SHALL SEE TO IT THAT THEY DESTROY THEMSELVES THROUGH ATOMIC WARS! BUT YOU YOURSELF SHALL EVER BE RESPECTED HERE FOR YOUR PROWESS!

CRAZY—THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! THIS IS AN INSANE NIGHTMARE IN THE DARK RECESSES OF MY MIND! I-I'VE GOT TO GET FREE OF THIS! GOT TO!
ARRGHH! GNNNGG! STOP HIM!!
WHAM!


SOMEHOW, RANDOLPH ADAMS BLASTED HIS WAY OUT OF THE ARENA AND INTO THAT FANTASTIC-SPIRED CITY BELOW! HE WAS LIKE A RAT CAUGHT IN A REVOLVING TRAP. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN!
I'VE GOT TO FIND A BETTER WEAPON THAN THIS ELECTRIC-SWORD! WAIT! THERE'S A FIGURE HIDING IN THOSE SHADOWS!

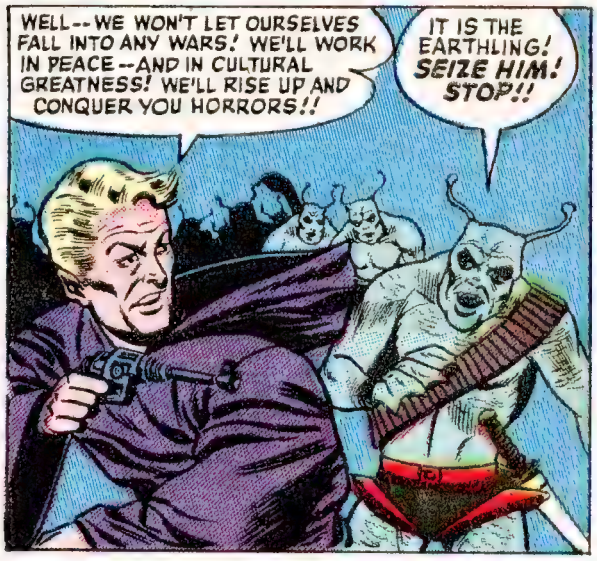
THOUGHT YOU WOULD SNEAK UP ON ME, EH? WELL—I'M TAKING THAT WEAPON OF YOURS—WHATEVER IT IS—AND WE'LL SEE WHETHER OR NOT I CAN ESCAPE THIS ACCURSED PLACE!
URRRGH!
SHHH!

AND MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, DISGUISED AS THE ALIEN, RANDOLPH ADAMS BEGAN A TOUR OF THE CITY ON HIS OWN. HE SAW MARVELOUS SIGHTS, STRANGE THINGS—HE SAW A GREAT RACE IN ITS GLORY—BARBARIC BUT GIFTED... CRUEL BUT PROGRESSIVE. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! HE JUST COULDN'T!!
WHAT'S IN HERE? SOUNDS ARE COMING FROM IT! LET'S FIND OUT...

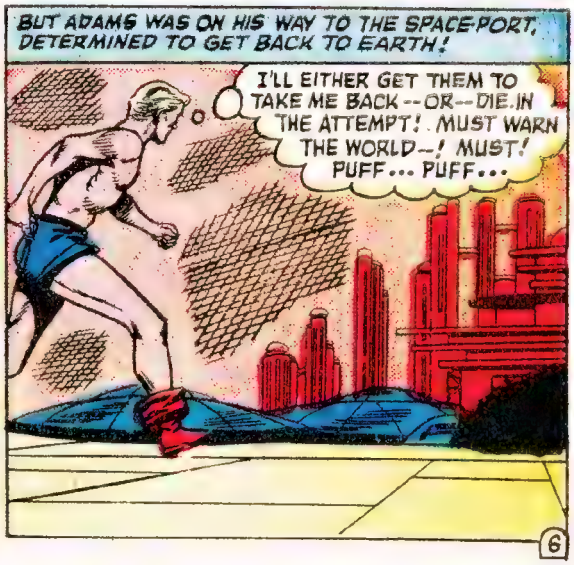

WHY--THIS IS A MOVIE!! A MOVIE OF--OF EARTH!!
"--THESE CREATURES ARE CAPABLE OF GREATNESS. YET THEIR POTENTIAL IS SELF-MURDER AND RACE-SUICIDE! THEY STILL HAVE WARS! THE EARTHLING WHO WON THE CONTEST IS JUST A TYPICAL CREATURE! NOW YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVE TO DESTROY THEM!"

"--THEY WILL SOON DISCOVER SPACE-FLIGHT--EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE--AND EVENTUALLY MEET US! THEY WILL CHALLENGE OUR OWN PROGRESS--AND BECAUSE OF THEIR MURDEROUS QUALITIES, THEY MAY DESTROY US! FOR THAT REASON, WE ARE SENDING ACROSS MIND-IMPULSES TO THEIR PLANET TO ELIMINATE THEM!! BEHOLD--WHAT HAS OCCURRED!"
KAAAAPOWW!!

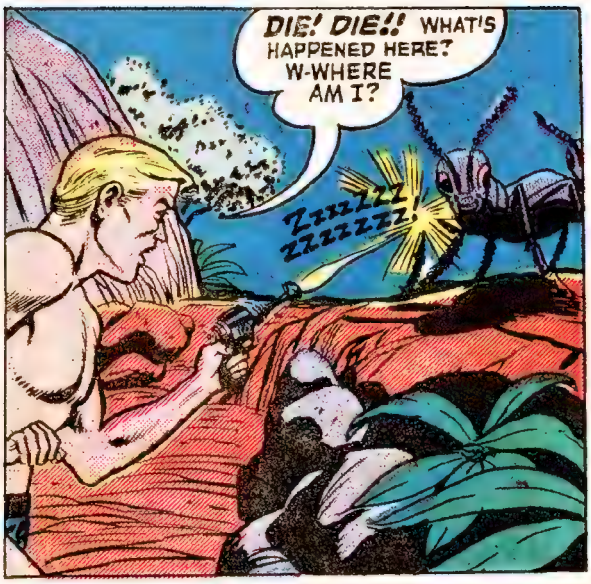
"WHEN A NEW SPECIES SUCCEEDS HOMO SAPIENS ON EARTH, THEY SHALL BE MORE INTELLIGENT AND MORE DEVELOPED! THEN WE SHALL MAKE OURSELVES KNOWN AND DEVELOP MUTUAL HARMONIES! BUT MANKIND IS A THREAT TO THE UNIVERSE! AWK -- SQUAKK..."
LIES--ALL LIES! YOU'RE THE ONES WHO ARE THE THREAT!
ZZAAAP!

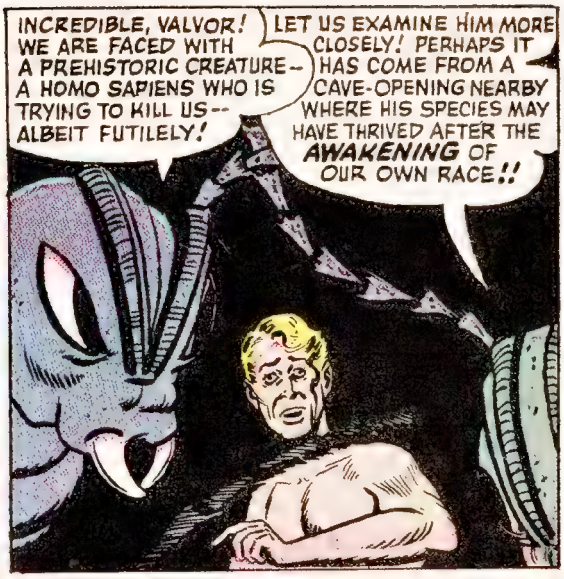

WELL--WE WON'T LET OURSELVES FALL INTO ANY WARS! WE'LL WORK IN PEACE--AND IN CULTURAL GREATNESS! WE'LL RISE UP AND CONQUER YOU HORRORS!!
IT IS THE EARTHLING! SEIZE HIM! STOP!!

THE FOOL HAS GONE BERSERK! HE HAS PROVED TO US HOW UNSTABLE HIS RACE IS BY HIS OWN ACTIONS! IT IS BETTER WE KILL HIM AS WELL!
NO MATTER! HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT WHAT WE WITNESSED ON THE AUDIO-VISOR WAS AN ACTUAL SCENE! WAR HAS ALREADY BEGUN ON HIS PLANET!

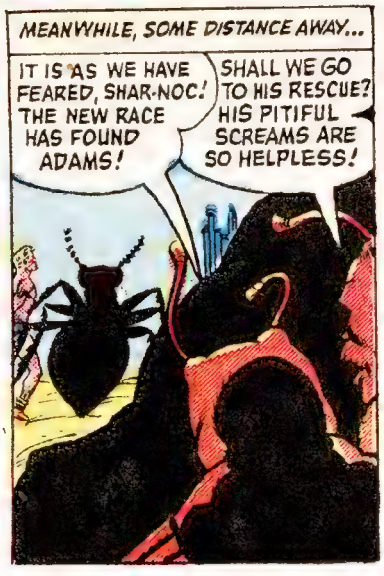

BUT ADAMS WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE SPACE-PORT, DETERMINED TO GET BACK TO EARTH!
I'LL EITHER GET THEM TO TAKE ME BACK--OR--DIE IN THE ATTEMPT! MUST WARN THE WORLD--! MUST! PUFF... PUFF...

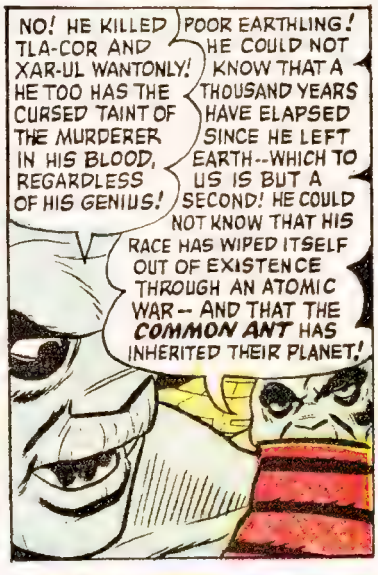
STEALTHILY, RANDOLPH ADAMS WORMED HIS WAY INTO ONE OF THE SAUCER-SHIPS RESTING ON THE RAMP NEARBY. AND INSIDE, MOMENTS LATER...
BEHOLD!! IT IS THE EARTHLING!!
THAT'S RIGHT--AND I'LL KILL YOU WITHOUT A QUALM IF YOU DON'T TAKE THIS THING OFF FOR EARTH RIGHT NOW!! GET GOING!!
SWOOOOSHHH!
ATTENTION! EARTHLING HAS ESCAPED!! SHAR-NOC AND KOR-II! YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR RETRIEVING YOUR QUARRY!!
IS THE EARTHLING AWARE OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED ON HIS PLANET?
I THINK NOT!! HE SHALL FIND A RUDE AWAKENING ONCE HE SETS FOOT THERE! HE IS NOT NOW EVEN AWARE OF OUR OWN PURSUIT!!
BUT RANDOLPH AMES HAD COME HOME AGAIN! LAUGHING WITH GLEE, HE BLASTED HIS WAY OUT OF THE SHIP, KILLING RUTHLESSLY!!
THERE! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO TO YOU MONSTERS! HA, HA... I'M FREE --FREE!! BUT I MUST WARN THE AUTHORITIES!! THERE COMES ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE THINGS!!
BUT WHERE IS EVERYONE? HELLO!! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?
THIS QUIET IS GETTING ON MY NERVES!! AND EVERYTHING LOOKS SO PECULIAR! WAIT-- I HEAR SOMETHING--
CHUGGG-G- GUCGG... GGGCGG...
YAA-A-AHH!!
7

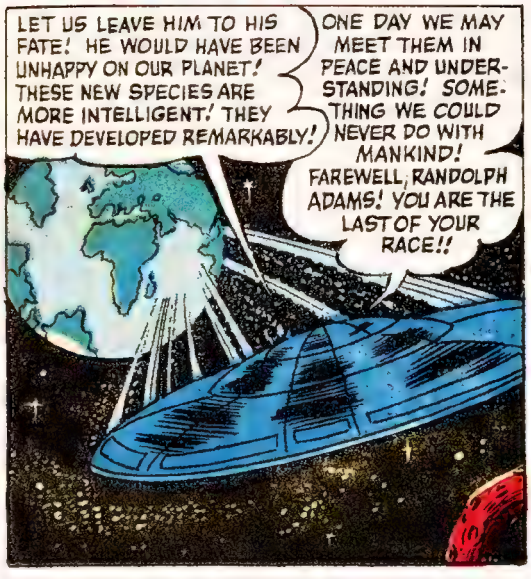

DIE! DIE!! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE? W-WHERE AM I?
Zzzzzz! zzzzzz!

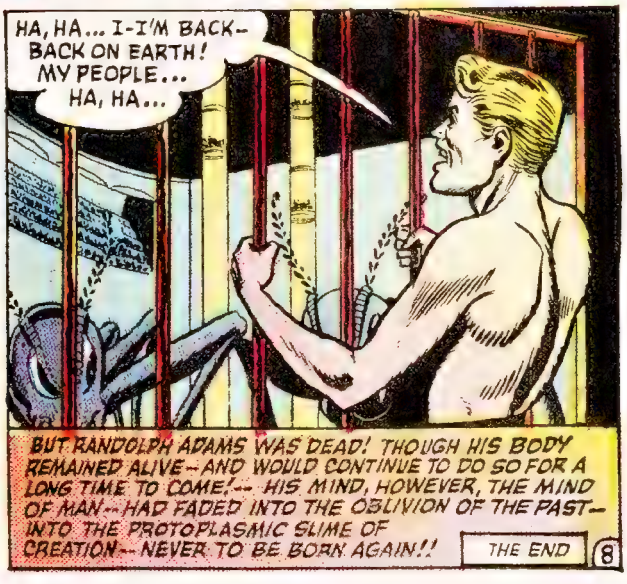

INCREDIBLE, VALVOR! WE ARE FACED WITH A PREHISTORIC CREATURE--A HOMO SAPIENS WHO IS TRYING TO KILL US--ALBEIT FUTILELY!
LET US EXAMINE HIM MORE CLOSELY! PERHAPS IT HAS COME FROM A CAVE-OPENING NEARBY WHERE HIS SPECIES MAY HAVE THRIVED AFTER THE AWAKENING OF OUR OWN RACE!!

MOST LIKELY NOT! THIS SPECIMEN MUST BE A FREAK ATAVISM LEFT OVER FROM THEIR OWN WAR! LET US TAKE IT TO OUR CITY!!
AIIIEEE! P-PUT ME DOWN!! HELP!! TALKING ANTS! STRANGE LANDSCAPES!! YAA-A-AH!!


MEANWHILE, SOME DISTANCE AWAY...
IT IS AS WE HAVE FEARED, SHAR-NOC! THE NEW RACE HAS FOUND ADAMS!
SHALL WE GO TO HIS RESCUE? HIS PITIFUL SCREAMS ARE SO HELPLESS!


NO! HE KILLED TLA-COR AND XAR-UL WANTONLY! HE TOO HAS THE CURSED TAINT OF THE MURDERER IN HIS BLOOD, REGARDLESS OF HIS GENIUS!
POOR EARTHLING! HE COULD NOT KNOW THAT A THOUSAND YEARS HAVE ELAPSED SINCE HE LEFT EARTH--WHICH TO US IS BUT A SECOND! HE COULD NOT KNOW THAT HIS RACE HAS WIPED ITSELF OUT OF EXISTENCE THROUGH AN ATOMIC WAR-- AND THAT THE COMMON ANT HAS INHERITED THEIR PLANET!


LET US LEAVE HIM TO HIS FATE! HE WOULD HAVE BEEN UNHAPPY ON OUR PLANET! THESE NEW SPECIES ARE MORE INTELLIGENT! THEY HAVE DEVELOPED REMARKABLY!
ONE DAY WE MAY MEET THEM IN PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING! SOMETHING WE COULD NEVER DO WITH MANKIND! FAREWELL, RANDOLPH ADAMS! YOU ARE THE LAST OF YOUR RACE!!


HA, HA... I-I'M BACK-- BACK ON EARTH! MY PEOPLE... HA, HA...
BUT RANDOLPH ADAMS WAS DEAD! THOUGH HIS BODY REMAINED ALIVE--AND WOULD CONTINUE TO DO SO FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!-- HIS MIND, HOWEVER, THE MIND OF MAN--HAD FADED INTO THE OBLIVION OF THE PAST--INTO THE PROTOPLASMIC SLIME OF CREATION--NEVER TO BE BORN AGAIN!!
THE END

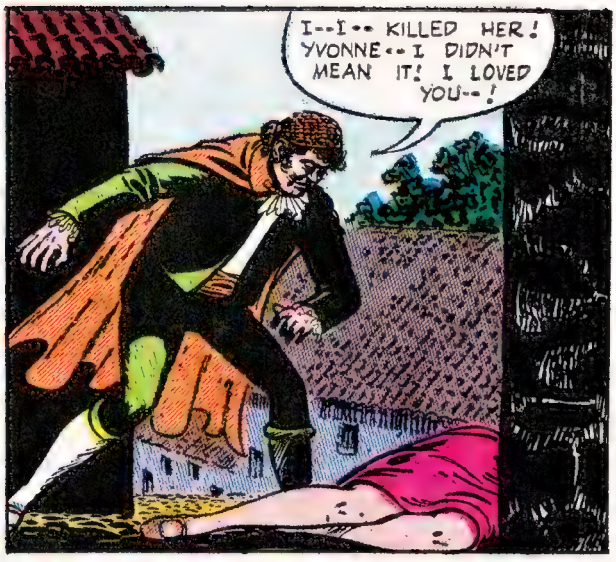
Paulo Danjou reveled in his job, relishing every grisly detail of it.. for Danjou was an executioner, a headsman, and decent people shunned him! He went so far as to surround himself with the ghastly mementos of his skill... gruesome remains that became...

Trophies of Doom

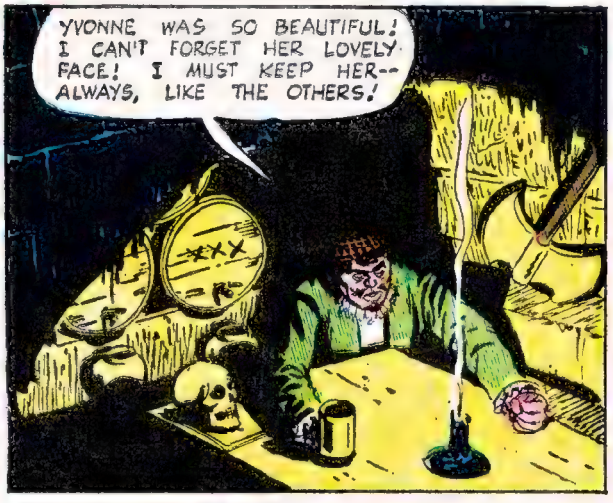
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER TO ME! YOU ARE ALL DEAD! I KILLED YOU MYSELF! THERE ARE YOUR HEADS HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS! GO BACK TO THE GRAVES WHERE YOU BELONG!
B-1683
WHAT IS WRONG, GIOVANNI? WHY ARE PEOPLE TURNING FROM THAT FELLOW? EVEN YOU, MY FRIEND HAVE GONE PALE AT THE SIGHT OF HIM!
YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, LUIGI! THAT IS PAULO DANJOU, THE HEADSMAN! WE ALL HATE AND FEAR HIM! HE IS AN EVIL MAN! LET US BE GONE BEFORE HE PUTS A CURSE ON US!
RUN, YOU FOOLS! ONE DAY YOUR HEADS WILL BE ADDED TO MY COLLECTION!

Adventures Into Darkness #11, September 1953. Artist: Nick Cardy. Publisher: Standard.

LATER...
GOOD EVENING, SIGNOR! YOU HONOR MY HUMBLE TAVERN WITH YOUR PRESENCE!
SHUT UP, YOU FAWNING FOOL! GIVE ME A TABLE!
OF COURSE, SIR! THE BEST FOOD--
UHHHHHH!
I SAID, SHUT UP!
THEN...
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES NOT TURN AWAY FROM ME, YVONNE! DON'T YOU FEAR ME?
INDEED, NO! WHY SHOULD YOU HARM ME? TRUE, YOU ARE THE HEADSMAN--BUT ONLY CRIMINALS NEED BE AFRAID OF YOU!
SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL! I--I LOVE HER! IF ONLY SHE WOULD BE MINE!
THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE GIRL FINISHES WORK...
YVONNE! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!
OH! YOU FRIGHTENED ME!
I AM A RICH MAN AND CAN GIVE YOU MANY THINGS! MARRY ME AND YOU WILL HAVE NO CAUSE FOR REGRET!
WHAT? YOU MUST BE MAD! I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, PAULO DANJOU. BECAUSE YOU ARE SO LONELY! BUT THAT IS ALL! NOW LET GO OF ME!
I DON'T WANT YOUR PITY! IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU--NO ONE SHALL!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? NO! NO!
2

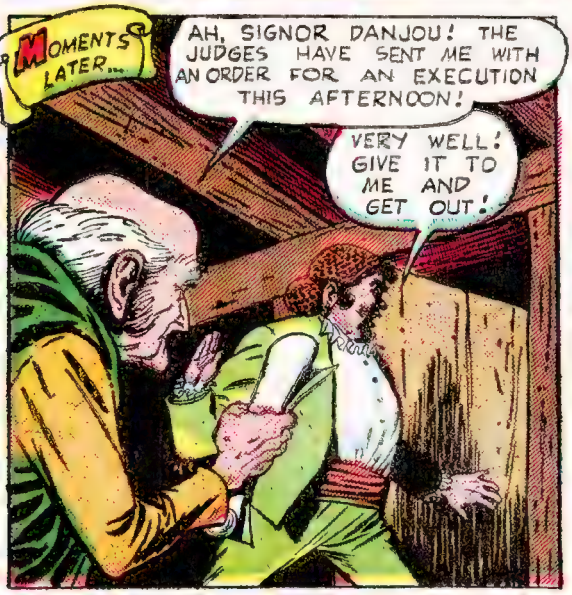


IN HIS STRANGE DUNGEON-LIKE RETREAT, PAULO BROODS ABOUT HIS DARK DEED FOR DAYS...



THAT NIGHT, AS SCUDDING CLOUDS OBSCURE THE MOON, PAULO PERFORMS A GHOULISH DEED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

BUT THE NEW TROPHY DID NOT BRING PLEASURE TO PAULO. INSTEAD, IT BECAME A VISIBLE SYMBOL OF HIS GUILT... AND IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED...

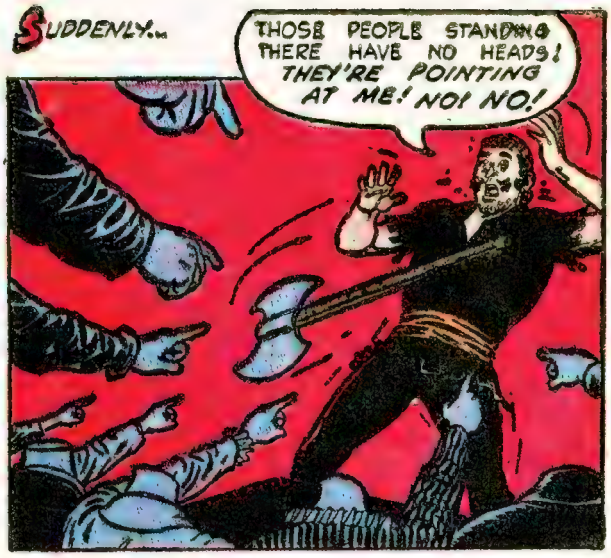

MOMENTS LATER...
AH, SIGNOR DANJOU! THE JUDGES HAVE SENT ME WITH AN ORDER FOR AN EXECUTION THIS AFTERNOON!
VERY WELL! GIVE IT TO ME AND GET OUT!

AS THE AGED MESSENGER LEAVES...

THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT OLD MAN... AS IF... YES, AND I COULD HAVE SWORN YVONNE SPOKE TO ME! IT MUST BE MY NERVES! AFTER TODAY'S JOB I'M GOING AWAY FOR A LONG REST...

THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE WHERE THE EXECUTIONS ARE HELD...

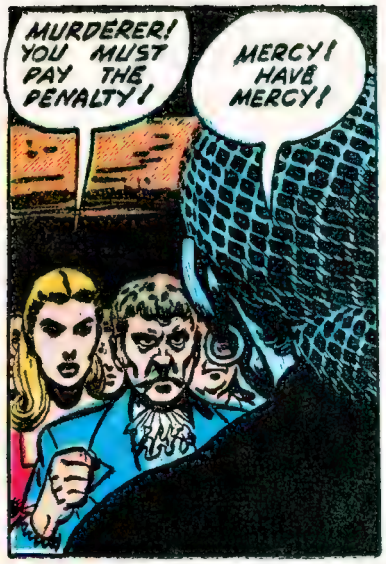
SUDDENLY...



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO SIGNOR DANJOU?
I--I DON'T KNOW! WHEN ONE'S HANDS ARE STAINED WITH AS MUCH BLOOD AS HIS, WHO CAN TELL WHEN A MAN'S FEELINGS OF GUILT WILL OVERWHELM HIM!

LITERALLY TERROR-STRICKEN, PAULO FLIES TO HIS OWN ABODE...

AS PAULO WATCHES WITH FEARFUL EYES, HIS DECAPITATED VICTIMS FIND AND REPLACE THEIR OWN HEADS!

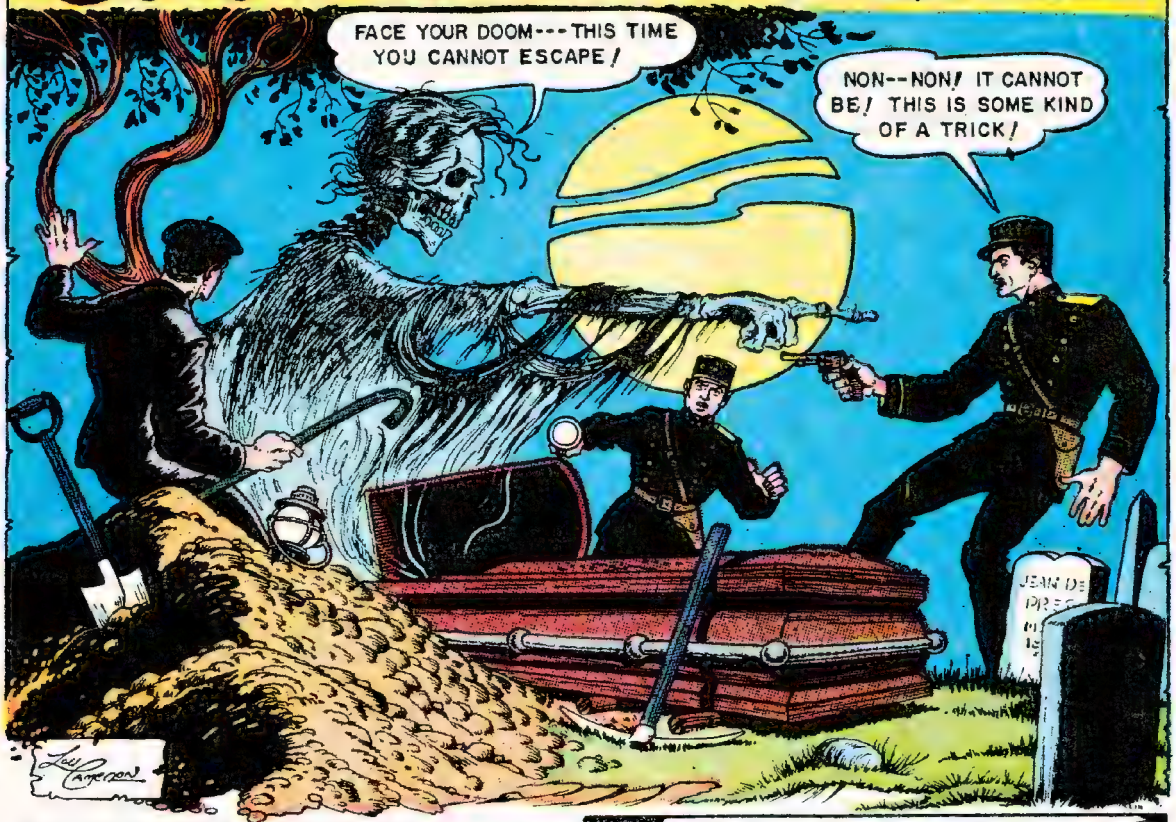


THE STRUGGLING, SCREAMING MAN IS HELD IN PLACE, AND ONE OF HIS VICTIMS BEHEADS HIM WITH HIS OWN BLADE!

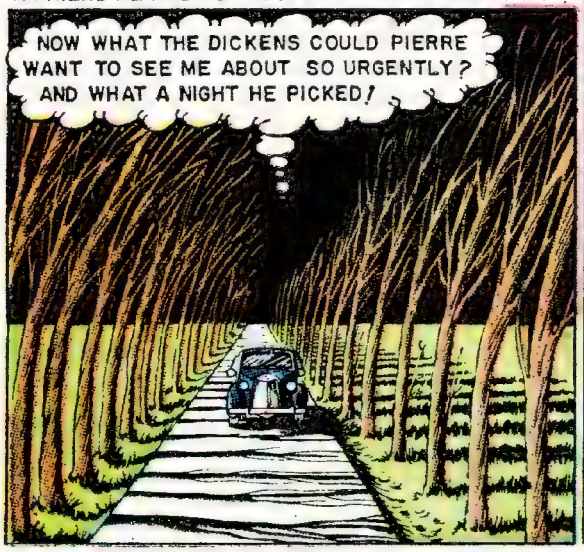
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HAL WARREN, A YOUNG AND BUDDING TV CAMERAMAN, THOUGHT IT WAS ALMOST A VACATION WHEN HIS NETWORK SENT HIM TO PARIS TO FILM "ON LOCATION" HORROR PICTURES... BUT THE HORROR HE RAN INTO WAS MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR WHEN DEMONS OF THE PAST ROSE UP FROM THEIR ANCIENT CRYPTS IN A VENGEANCE FROM THE BEYOND. . .

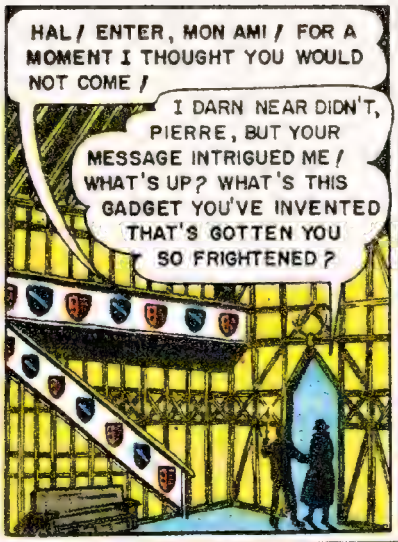
the UNSLEEPING DEAD



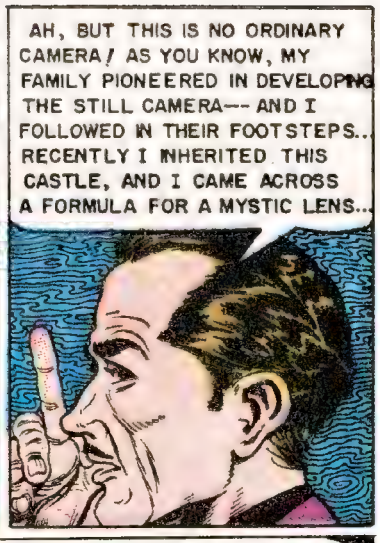
IT FIRST STARTED WHEN HAL WARREN RECEIVED AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM PIERRE DAGUERRE--A FRIEND HE HAD NOT SEEN FOR MANY YEARS. . .



The Beyond #23, November 1953. Artist: Lou Cameron. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

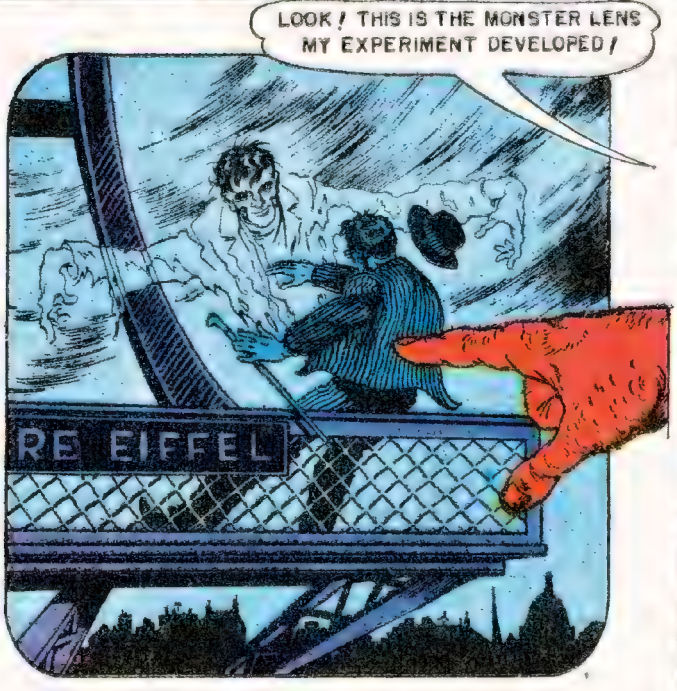

HAL! ENTER, MON AMI! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NOT COME!
I DARN NEAR DIDN'T, PIERRE, BUT YOUR MESSAGE INTRIGUED ME! WHAT'S UP? WHAT'S THIS GADGET YOU'VE INVENTED THAT'S GOTTEN YOU SO FRIGHTENED?

IT IS A DEVIL'S DEVICE...I WISH I'D NEVER EXPERIMENTED WITH SUCH A THING OF HORROR! COME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY MAGIC CAMERA!
CAMERA? AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF?

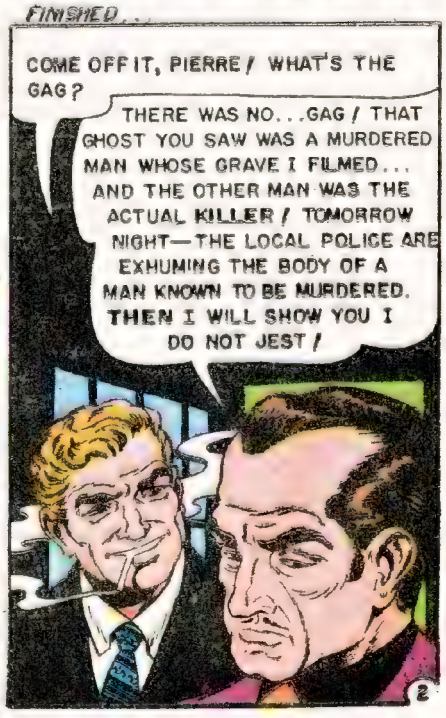

AH, BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY CAMERA! AS YOU KNOW, MY FAMILY PIONEERED IN DEVELOPING THE STILL CAMERA--- AND I FOLLOWED IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS.. RECENTLY I INHERITED THIS CASTLE, AND I CAME ACROSS A FORMULA FOR A MYSTIC LENS...

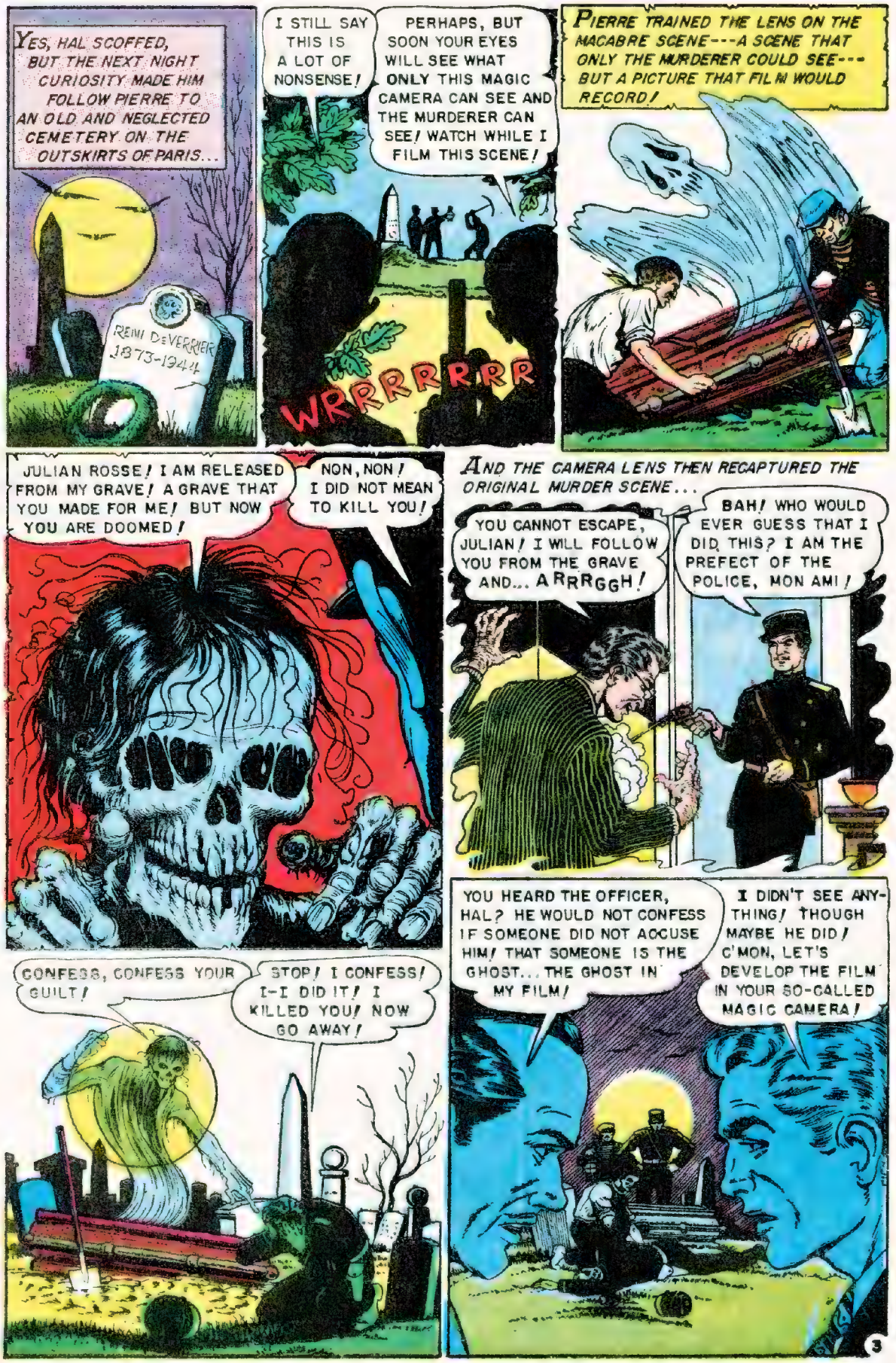
...A LENS THAT WHEN TRAINED ON THE GRAVE OF A MURDERED MAN WILL CAUSE HIM TO RISE FROM THE DEAD AND SHOW HOW THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED! THE CAMERA SEES AND HEARS THIS...AND RECORDS IT. HERE, LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

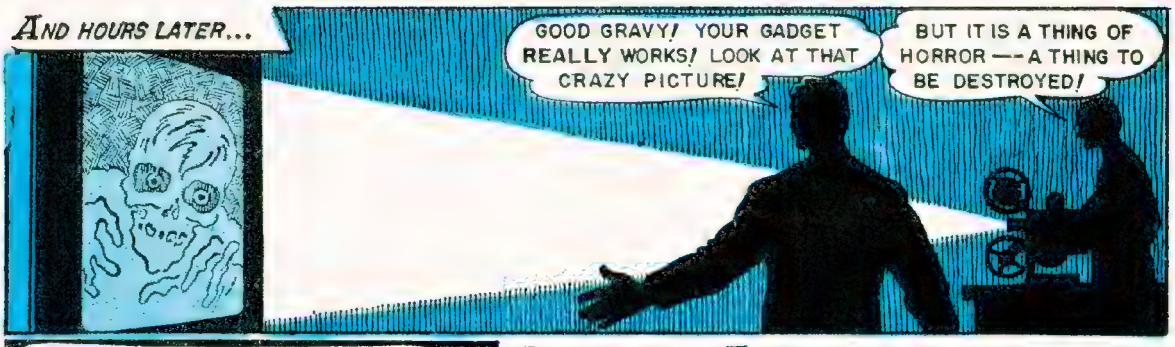
OH, COME NOW, PIERRE! YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO SWALLOW THAT STORY, DO YOU?
SO YOU DOUBT ME, EH? I WILL SHOW YOU...I WILL PROVE THE HORRIBLE THING I HAVE INVENTED!



AND AFTER THE HORROR FILM WAS FINISHED...


COME OFF IT, PIERRE! WHAT'S THE GAG?
THERE WAS NO...GAG! THAT GHOST YOU SAW WAS A MURDERED MAN WHOSE GRAVE I FILMED... AND THE OTHER MAN WAS THE ACTUAL KILLER! TOMORROW NIGHT—THE LOCAL POLICE ARE EXHUMING THE BODY OF A MAN KNOWN TO BE MURDERED. THEN I WILL SHOW YOU I DO NOT JEST!


YES, HAL SCOFFED, BUT THE NEXT NIGHT CURIOSITY MADE HIM FOLLOW PIERRE TO AN OLD AND NEGLECTED CEMETERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS...
RENI DeVERRIER 1873-1944
I STILL SAY THIS IS A LOT OF NONSENSE!
PERHAPS, BUT SOON YOUR EYES WILL SEE WHAT ONLY THIS MAGIC CAMERA CAN SEE AND THE MURDERER CAN SEE! WATCH WHILE I FILM THIS SCENE!
WRRRRRRRR
PIERRE TRAINED THE LENS ON THE MACABRE SCENE---A SCENE THAT ONLY THE MURDERER COULD SEE---BUT A PICTURE THAT FILM WOULD RECORD!
JULIAN ROSSE! I AM RELEASED FROM MY GRAVE! A GRAVE THAT YOU MADE FOR ME! BUT NOW YOU ARE DOOMED!
NON, NON! I DID NOT MEAN TO KILL YOU!
AND THE CAMERA LENS THEN RECAPTURED THE ORIGINAL MURDER SCENE...
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, JULIAN! I WILL FOLLOW YOU FROM THE GRAVE AND... ARRRGGH!
BAH! WHO WOULD EVER GUESS THAT I DID THIS? I AM THE PREFECT OF THE POLICE, MON AMI!
CONFESS, CONFESS YOUR GUILT!
STOP! I CONFESS! I-I DID IT! I KILLED YOU! NOW GO AWAY!
YOU HEARD THE OFFICER, HAL? HE WOULD NOT CONFESS IF SOMEONE DID NOT ACCUSE HIM! THAT SOMEONE IS THE GHOST... THE GHOST IN MY FILM!
I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING! THOUGH MAYBE HE DID! C'MON, LET'S DEVELOP THE FILM IN YOUR SO-CALLED MAGIC CAMERA!


AND HOURS LATER...
GOOD GRAVY! YOUR GADGET REALLY WORKS! LOOK AT THAT CRAZY PICTURE!
BUT IT IS A THING OF HORROR — A THING TO BE DESTROYED!

NO, DON'T DO THAT! I-I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING TO MAKE IT USEFUL!
IF I HAD THIS CAMERA, WHAT HORROR SHOWS I COULD PUT ON TV! AND MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

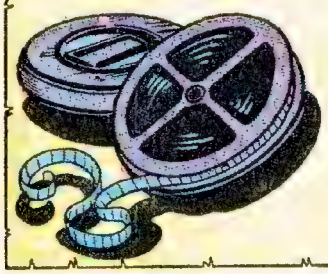
BACK IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, HAL TOSSED ALL NIGHT. ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS HOW TO GET THAT CAMERA AND CLAIM IT AS HIS OWN! AND THEN, AS DAWN DREW NEAR, HIS PLAN BECAME CLEAR... THIS WAS HIS CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, AND HE DIDN'T INTEND TO MUFF IT!

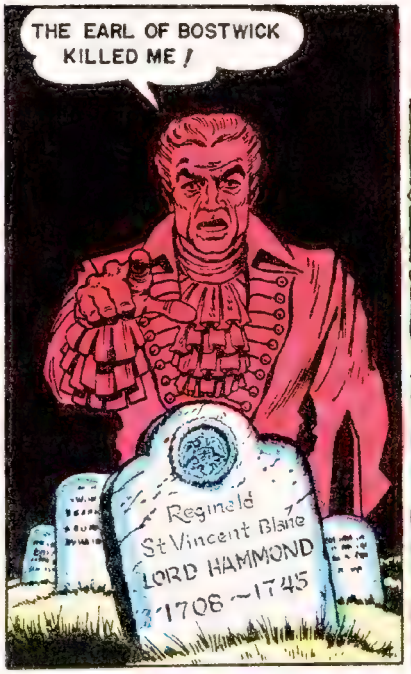
THE NEXT DAY, HAL PUT HIS PLAN TO WORK.

BUT WHY MUST YOU SEE THE SEWERS NOW, HAL? WHAT IS TO BE DONE ABOUT THE CAMERA? YOU ARE MY TRUSTED FRIEND---I HAVE TOLD NO ONE AS YET OF THE MONSTER I'VE CREATED...
SMART BOY, PIERRE! I'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING!

PIERRE SCREAMED WILDLY, BUT HIS CRIES WENT UNHEEDED!

With his stolen camera, Hal Warren had success in his grasp. He traveled from Paris to London, there to train the mystical camera on the grave of a man murdered more than three hundred years ago! Hal could neither see nor hear, but when the film was developed, the lens had solved the mystery!

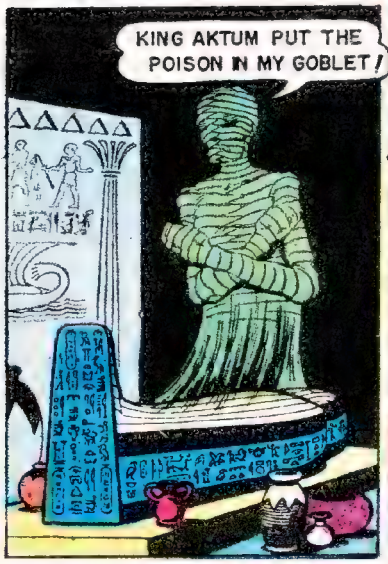




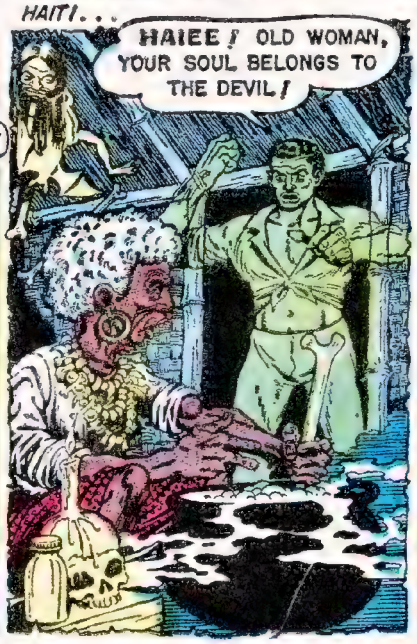
Then, to the period of the Renaissance, when the Borgias held sway...

To distant China he traveled in his quest for graves and horror pictures...
BY MY ANCESTORS I SWEAR THAT SOME DAY YOU WILL BE REVEALED!

Even the dust of 3000 years could not hide its secrets from the all-seeing eye of the TV camera.



In a voodoo woman's hut in Haiti...



Yes, fame and fortune are now Hal Warren's, for each murder film was shown on his network. Now he was TRULY the master of horror!

YES, HAL WAS AT THE TOP. BUT NOW FATE, IN IT'S MYSTERIOUS WAY, CHOSE TO ACT...OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE...

A GOOD CATCH, NON?

SACRE BLEU! OUR NETS ARE CURSED! LOOK!

DIABLE! HE WAS NEARLY DEVOURED BY RATS! THROW HIM BACK!

NON! THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS BURY THE POOR DEVIL! COME!

AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT THE MUTILATED, UNRECOGNIZABLE PIERRE DAGUERRE FINALLY FOUND PEACE AND REST IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE!

MEANWHILE HAL'S FAME WAS SPREADING. HIS TV SHOW WAS THE HIT OF THIS OR ANY OTHER SEASON. HISTORIANS CLAMORED FOR HIS SERVICES SO THAT FAMOUS MURDER MYSTERIES OF THE PAST COULD BE SOLVED! AND HAL WAS CAREFUL -- NOT ONCE DID HE LET THE MAGIC CAMERA LEAVE HIS HANDS!

BUT ALWAYS THE NEED TO FIND MORE GRAVES OF MURDERED MEN. ONE DAY IN AN EERIE GRAVEYARD ON THE FRENCH COAST...

I'LL GIVE THIS CREEPY PLACE A TRY! WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FILM MIGHT PICK UP!

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE, HAL WARREN? THE DEVIL'S DEVICE I INVENTED NOW BECOMES YOUR DOOM!

I'LL TRY THIS SECTION FIRST, BUT... WHAT'S THAT? ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS? A GHOST IMAGE SEEMS TO BE SEEPING FROM THAT UNMARKED GRAVE!

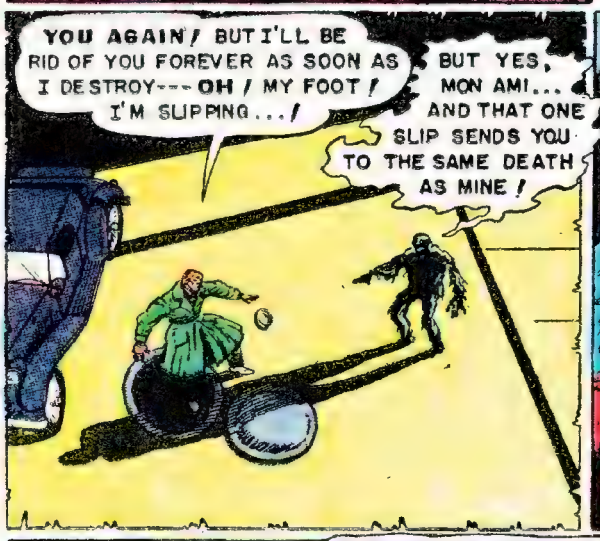
PIERRE! BY SOME FREAK OF FATE I FILMED HIS GRAVE!

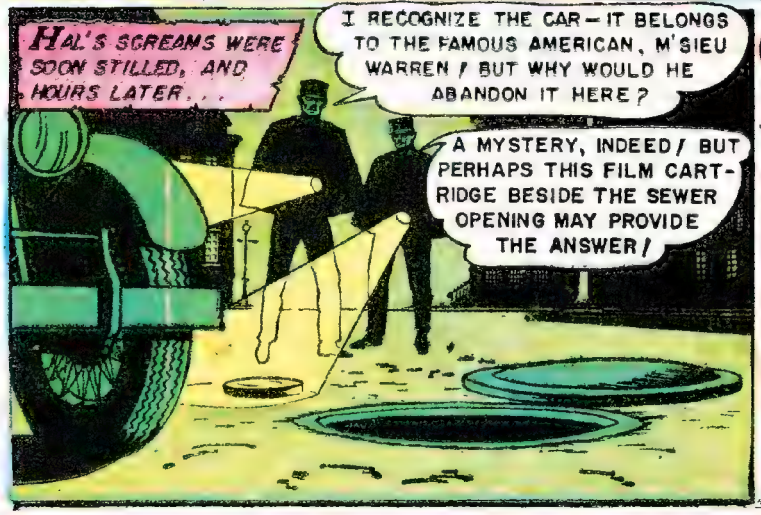
MARIE DIST PIRES

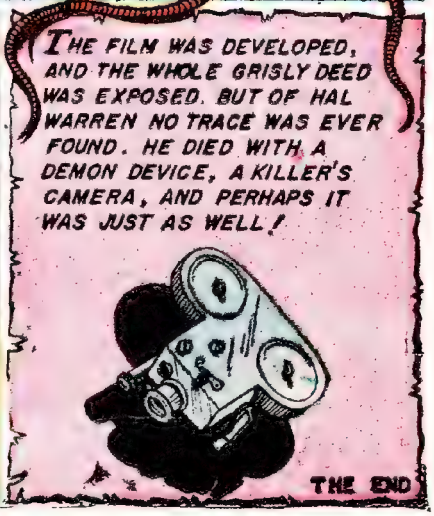
DuVAL JEAN RENE 1884-1916

FEAR-CRAZED, HAL SPED FROM THE GRAVEYARD, AND IT WASN'T UNTIL DAWN, IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS, THAT HE REALIZED WHAT HE MUST DO...

I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! AFTER ALL, THE WAY I KILLED PIERRE IS **ONLY** ON THE CAMERA FILM, AND IF I DESTROY THAT I'M IN THE CLEAR!


YOU AGAIN! BUT I'LL BE RID OF YOU FOREVER AS SOON AS I DESTROY---**OH!** MY FOOT! I'M SLIPPING...!
BUT YES, MON AMI... AND THAT ONE SLIP SENDS YOU TO THE SAME DEATH AS MINE!


HAL'S SCREAMS WERE SOON STILLED, AND HOURS LATER...
I RECOGNIZE THE CAR—IT BELONGS TO THE FAMOUS AMERICAN, M'SIEU WARREN! BUT WHY WOULD HE ABANDON IT HERE?
A MYSTERY, INDEED! BUT PERHAPS THIS FILM CARTRIDGE BESIDE THE SEWER OPENING MAY PROVIDE THE ANSWER!


THE FILM WAS DEVELOPED, AND THE WHOLE GRISLY DEED WAS EXPOSED. BUT OF HAL WARREN NO TRACE WAS EVER FOUND. HE DIED WITH A DEMON DEVICE, A KILLER'S CAMERA, AND PERHAPS IT WAS JUST AS WELL!
THE END

A KILLER WANTED IN THE STATES, JIM WOLFE HAD FACED TERROR MANY TIMES. BUT NEVER HAD HE FELT THE BOTTOMLESS HORROR THAT ASSAILED HIM IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF VOODOO-RIDDEN HAITI, WHEN HE FACED THE SPIRIT OF KING HENRI CHRISTOPHE I, AND THE RELENTLESSLY ADVANCING, GHOSTLY RANKS OF...
"ALL THE KING'S MEN"
SOLDIERS OF THE ROYAL GUARD! FOR-WARD MARCH!
YOUR MAJESTY WILL NOT MARCH THEM OVER THE EDGE TO THEIR DEATHS?
JIM WOLFE, WANTED FOR MURDER, ARRIVES AT THE COFFEE PLANTATION OF HIS OLD FRIEND, DAN McGRAW, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF HAITI.
STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF, YOU CAN GO BACK TO THE STATES. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND YOU HERE!
YOU'RE A PAL, McGRAW!
YOU'VE GOT THE RUN OF THE PLACE, BUT DON'T GET IN WRONG WITH THE NATIVES, THEY PRACTICE VOODOO, AND THAT'S MIGHTY BAD MEDICINE!
VOODOO? DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN THAT MALLARKEY!

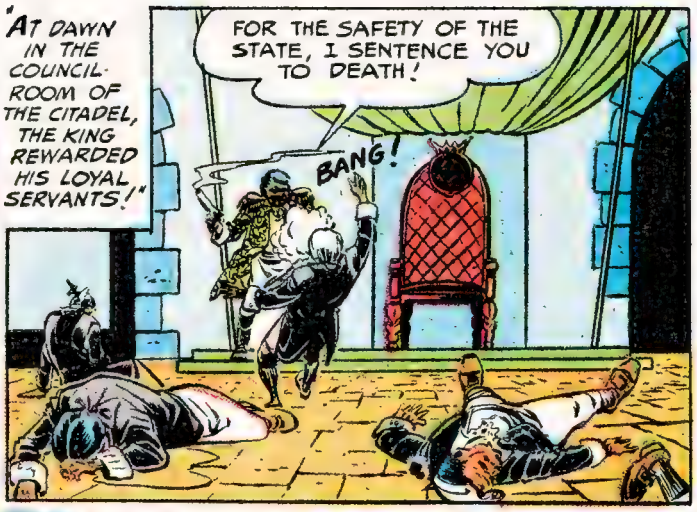
Amazing Ghost Stories #15, December 1954. Artist: Bob Powell. Publisher: St. John.

A FEW DAYS LATER...
HEY, FRANCOIS! WHAT'S THAT BIG FORT UP THERE?
IT IS THE CITADEL LA FERRIERE, M'SIEU WOLFE! HENRI CHRISTOPHE BUILT IT! HE WAS HAITI'S ONLY KING, AND A CRUEL MAN!
YEAH? WHAT'S THAT BIG TRIANGLE-SHAPED END STICKING OUT OF IT?
THAT IS CALLED THE PROW, BECAUSE IT IS SHAPED LIKE THE BOW OF A SHIP! IT HAS A HISTORY EVEN BLOODIER THAN THE REST OF THE CITADEL! LISTEN TO WHAT THAT PIG, CHRISTOPHE, DID ON THE PROW!
"ABOUT 1800, CHRISTOPHE WANTED TO IMPRESS AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL! HE TOOK HIM OUT ON THE PROW, AND..."
OF COURSE THE DISCIPLINE OF ENGLISH TROOPS IS UNSURPASSED, YOUR MAJESTY!
DO YOU THINK SO, ADMIRAL? HA! I WILL SHOW YOU DISCIPLINE!
CAPITAINE!
WE SHALL REVIEW MY TROOPS, ADMIRAL! PROCEED, CAPITAINE!
THEY MARCH BEAUTIFULLY, BUT ARE THEY NOT APPROACHING THE EDGE TOO CLOSELY?
YOU WILL SEE WHY HAITI IS SAFE FROM ALL INVADERS! MY SOLDIERS WILL NOT FALTER -- THEY WILL OBEY ME TO THE DEATH!
TELL THEM TO STOP! THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!
NOW, PERHAPS YOU WILL TELL YOUR ENGLISH KING OF THE GLORY AND MIGHT OF HAITI AND THE DISCIPLINE OF MY SOLDIERS!
THE ENTIRE COMPANY MARCHED OVER THE EDGE AND WERE DASHED TO DEATH HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW! NOW THEIR GHOSTS HAUNT THE CITADEL!
I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, FRANCOIS, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME, ASK THE MAMALOI! SHE WILL TELL YOU OF THE GHOSTS WHO GUARD CHRISTOPHE'S BURIED GOLD IN THE CITADEL'S SECRET TUNNEL!
GOLD? NOW, THAT'S REALLY INTERESTING! A MAMALOI IS A VOODOO PRIESTESS, ISN'T SHE? TAKE ME TO HER!
2

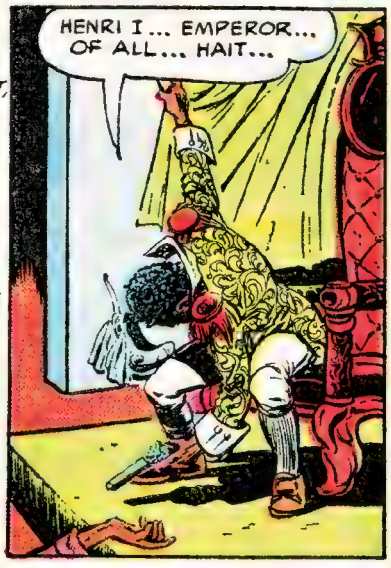
"A FEW HOURS LATER..."
FRANCOIS TELLS ME YOU KNOW OF THE GOLD BURIED IN THE CITADEL MAMOLO!
OUI! BUT TO FIND IT IS NOT WISE! LISTEN, HENRI CHRISTOPHE ROSE FROM A SLAVE TO BECOME KING OF HAITI, AFTER HE DROVE NAPOLEON'S ARMY FROM OUR SHORES...
"CHRISTOPHE WAS VAIN AS A WOMAN! HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH POMP AND LUXURY! HE BUILT MANY PALACES. SANS SOUCI WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL!"
FINISHED! A PALACE WORTHY OF HENRI I, EMPEROR OF ALL HAITI!
"BECAUSE CHRISTOPHE FEARED BOTH INVASION FROM WITHOUT AND REBELLION FROM WITHIN, HE BUILT THE CITADEL. WHEN IT WAS CONSTRUCTED, CHRISTOPHE PRESERVED ITS SECRETS BY..."
WELL, FELIX, ONLY YOU AND I KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE CITADEL!
I AM THE PROUDEST OF ARCHITECTS, YOUR MAJESTY! AND THE PLANS OF THE FORT AND THE SECRET TUNNEL CONNECTING IT TO SANS SOUCI WILL BE FOREVER SAFE WITH ME!
INDEED THEY WILL, FELIX! INDEED THEY WILL!
"THE FEARED REVOLT FINALLY CAME AND CHRISTOPHE, AT SANS SOUCI, TOOK FRIGHT WHEN HE SAW HIS GENERALS DESERT TO THE ENEMY..."
DOWN WITH CHRISTOPHE! DEATH TO THE TYRANT!
HURRY! FETCH THE GOLD FROM THE TREASURY! WE MUST FLEE!
3

"CHRISTOPHE MARSHALLED A FEW LOYAL SERVANTS TO CARRY HIS TREASURE INTO THE SECRET TUNNEL AND BURY IT..."

"AT DAWN IN THE COUNCIL-ROOM OF THE CITADEL, THE KING REWARDED HIS LOYAL SERVANTS!"



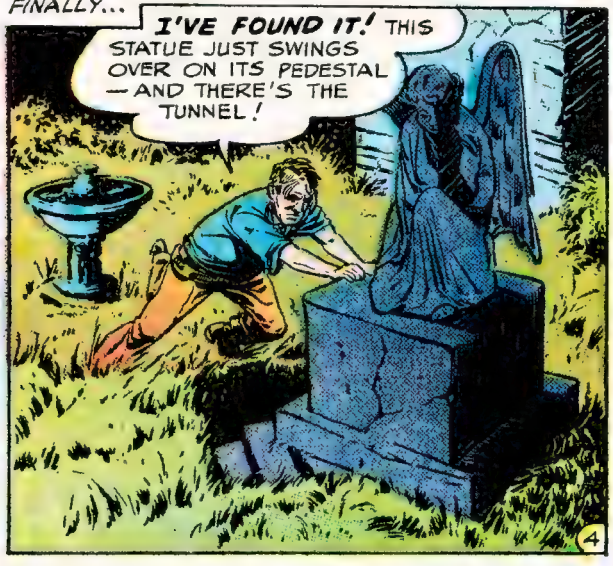
"CHRISTOPHE FINALLY SHOT HIMSELF WITH A GOLD BULLET, BELIEVING THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD KILL HIM! THE LOCATIONS OF THE TUNNEL AND THE TREASURE DIED WITH HIM!"

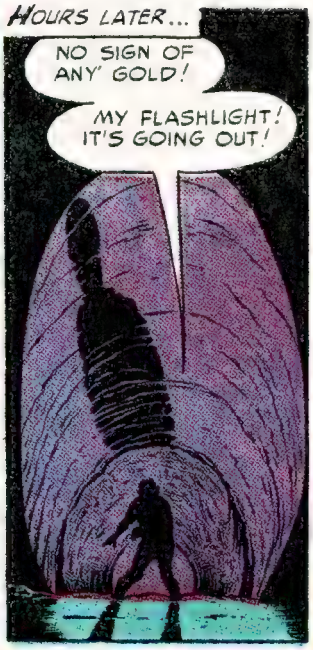


THE GHOSTS ARE THERE TO PROTECT THE TREASURE — ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CHRISTOPHE'S GRANDEUR! AND ALL WHO HAVE SOUGHT HIS GOLD HAVE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY! BE WARNED, M'SIEU, BEFORE YOU, TOO, DIE!

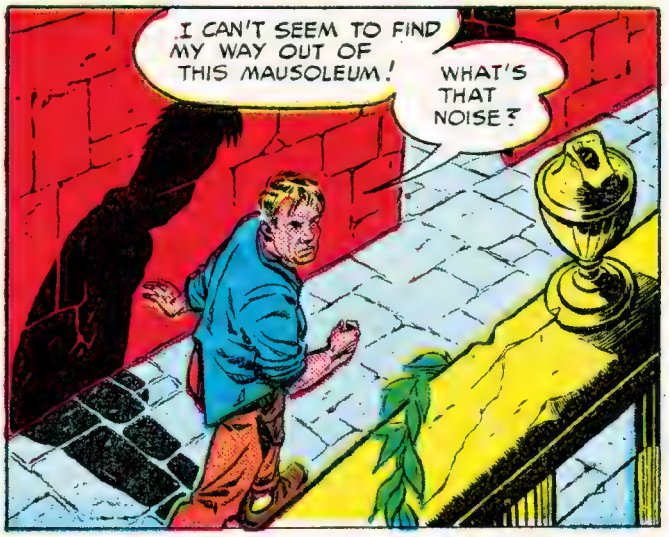
WOLFE DETERMINED TO FIND CHRISTOPHE'S TREASURE. HE RODE THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO SANS SOUCI...

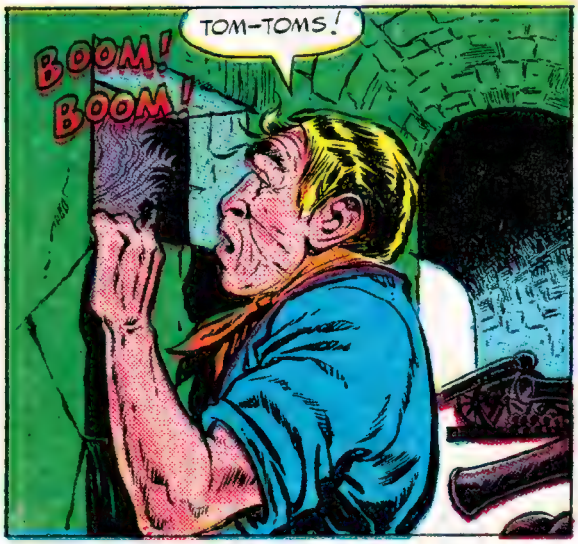
WITHOUT PAUSING TO EAT OR SLEEP, WOLFE FEVERISHLY SEARCHED THE GARDENS OF SANS SOUCI, REALIZING THAT THE KEY TO THE PUZZLE MUST BE THERE, RATHER THAN AT THE CITADEL. FINALLY...





AS DARKNESS CLOSES IN, PANIC SIEZES WOLFE, AND HE RUNS HEADLONG THROUGH THE TUNNEL, PURSUED BY THE REVERBERATIONS OF HIS OWN FOOTSTEPS, HIS ECHOING SCREAMS, AND A PRESENCE THAT HE FEELS BUT CANNOT SEE...



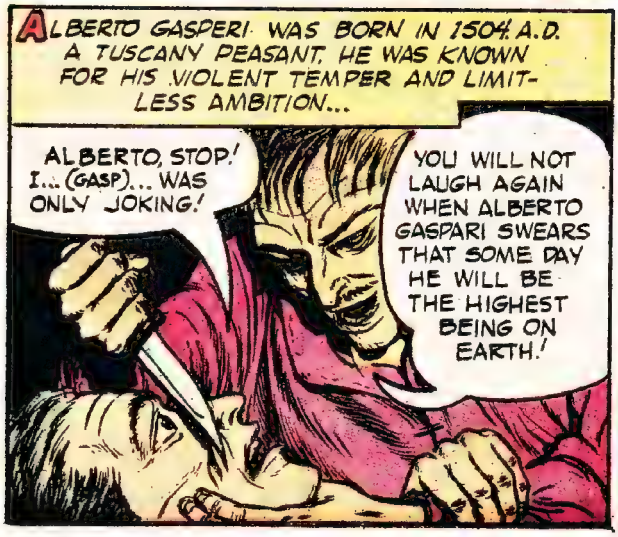


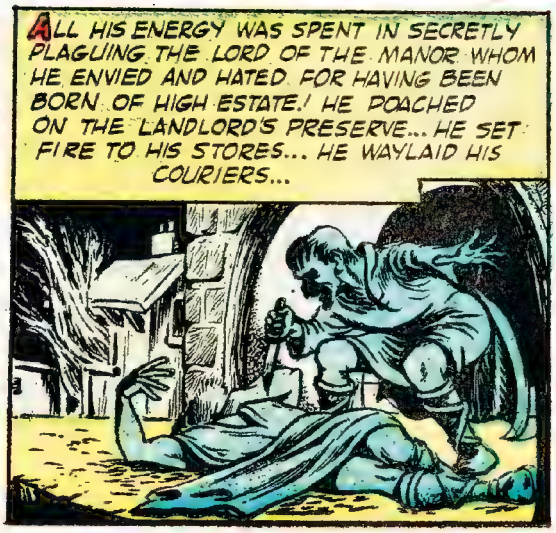
THIS MUST BE THE COUNCIL ROOM--GOTTA STOP--CATCH MY BREATH--
DEATH!
THAT BLASTED ECHO!
DEATH!
DEATH!
AH! IT'S BETTER OUT HERE IN THE FRESH AIR! I'M NEVER GOING BACK IN THAT TUNNEL! TO THE DEVIL WITH CHRISTOPHE'S GOLD! LET HIM KEEP IT-- FOREVER.
THE NATIVES ARE STILL BEATING THEIR TOM-TOMS! THE SOUND SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM ALL OVER, NOW!
ATTENTION! LE ROI!
IT IS INDEED A MAGNIFICENT FORTRESS, YOUR MAJESTY!
VOICES! BUT WHERE? WHOSE?
IT--IT'S HIM-- THE KING --CHRISTOPHE!
OF COURSE, THE DISCIPLINE OF ENGLISH TROOPS IS UNSURPASSED!
HA! LET ME SHOW YOU THE DISCIPLINE OF MY DEVOTED SOLDIERS!
EH, BIEN, ADMIRAL, SHALL WE REVIEW MY TROOPS?
THE STORY FRANCOIS TOLD ME--IT--IT'S COME TO LIFE!
PROCEED, CAPITAINE!
6

STAND BACK! I'LL PLUG THE FIRST GUY THAT COMES NEAR ME! STAND BACK!
YOU SEE, ADMIRAL, MY MEN OBEY ME TO THE DEATH!
STOP THEM! STOP THEM-- YOU-- YOUR MAJESTY!
STOP!
BANG!
BLAM
NO! NO!!
NO... A-A-ARGH!
IS IT NOT AS I TOLD YOU, M'SIEU WOLFE? THE LOYAL SOLDIERS OF HENRI CHRISTOPHE GUARD THEIR KING'S TREASURE WELL, DO THEY NOT?
The End

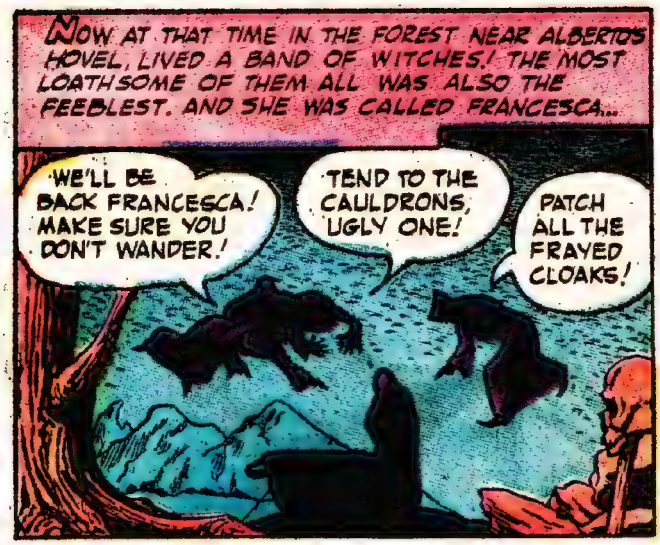
FATE OF ALBERTO

HA HA HA HA HO HO HEH HEH HA HA HA HA HA HE HA HA
HAW HO HE HE HEH
Ellis Eringer
HERE SITS THE UNHAPPIEST OF ALL MORTALS, HIS SIGHS DROWNED OUT BY THE HARSH WINDS HOWL AND THE AVALANCHES ROAR. HERE HE SITS... THE MAN WHO HAS ALREADY LIVED OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS, AND WHO WILL NEVER DIE...


ALBERTO GASPERI WAS BORN IN 1504 A.D. A TUSCANY PEASANT. HE WAS KNOWN FOR HIS VIOLENT TEMPER AND LIMITLESS AMBITION...
ALBERTO, STOP! I... (GASP)... WAS ONLY JOKING!
YOU WILL NOT LAUGH AGAIN WHEN ALBERTO GASPARI SWEARS THAT SOME DAY HE WILL BE THE HIGHEST BEING ON EARTH!


ALL HIS ENERGY WAS SPENT IN SECRETLY PLAGUING THE LORD OF THE MANOR WHOM HE ENVIED AND HATED FOR HAVING BEEN BORN OF HIGH ESTATE! HE POACHED ON THE LANDLORD'S PRESERVE... HE SET FIRE TO HIS STORES... HE WAYLAID HIS COURIERS...

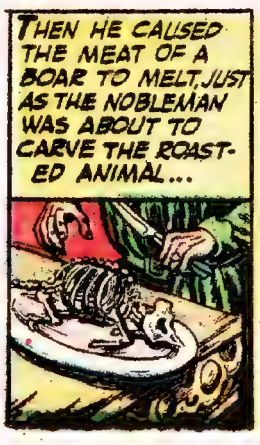
Tales of Horror #12, August 1954. Artist: Ellis Eringer. Publisher: Toby.

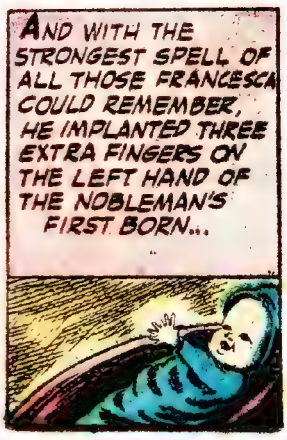

NOW AT THAT TIME IN THE FOREST NEAR ALBERTOS HOVEL, LIVED A BAND OF WITCHES! THE MOST LOATHSOME OF THEM ALL WAS ALSO THE FEEBLEST. AND SHE WAS CALLED FRANCESCA...
WE'LL BE BACK FRANCESCA! MAKE SURE YOU DON'T WANDER!
TEND TO THE CAULDRONS, UGLY ONE!
PATCH ALL THE FRAYED CLOAKS!

LOATHSOME AS SHE WAS, STUPID, AND NEGLECTED, AND UNLOVED, FRANCESCA HARBORED WITHIN HER A STRONG DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE FOREST! AND ONE DARK NIGHT...
THIS MUST BE WHAT MY SISTERS CALL A MAN H-HOW BEAUTIFUL HE IS!

WHAT'S...(YAWN)... THAT NOISE...AIEE! A WITCH!!
PLEASE... DO NOT FLEE! ALL MY LIFE I I HAVE LIVED IN THE FOREST! YOU ARE THE FIRST MAN I HAVE EVER SEEN!

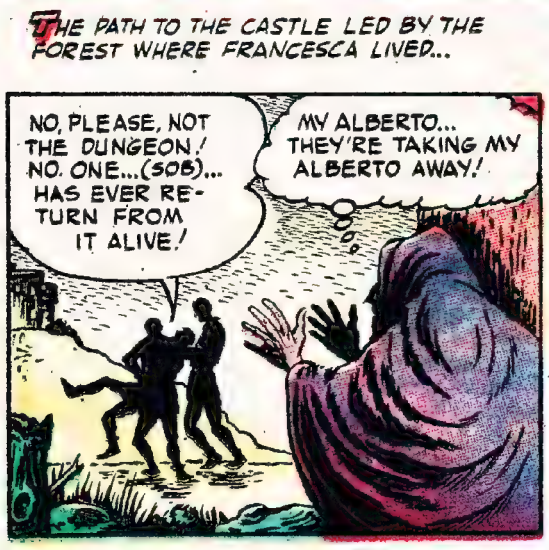
FOR THE MAN WHO KEPT ARTFULLY STROKING HER WITHERED HAND, POOR FRANCESCA DREDGED FROM HER MEMORY EVERY SHRED OF BLACK MAGIC SHE HAD EVER KNOWN. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT SHE RETURNED TO THE HOVEL TO TELL HIM MORE. AND SOON ALBERTO BEGAN USING BLACK MAGIC IN HIS SECRET WAR AGAINST THE LORD OF THE MANOR.




AND WITH THE STRONGEST SPELL OF ALL THOSE FRANCESCA COULD REMEMBER, HE IMPLANTED THREE EXTRA FINGERS ON THE LEFT HAND OF THE NOBLEMAN'S FIRST BORN...

THINGS WERE GOING TOO WELL FOR THE PEASANT WHO LONGED TO BE THE HIGHTEST BEING ON EARTH! SO ONE NIGHT HIS BOASTING TONGUE WAS LOOSENED BY A TALL FLAGON OF WINE...
THEY'RE GOING CRAZY UP AT THE CASTLE, EH? IF THEY KNEW THAT THEY HAVE ME, ME, ALBERTO GASPARI, A LOWLY PEASANT, TO THANK FOR WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO THEM LATELY...

THE NOBLEMAN'S MEN WERE EVERY WHERE. THEY HEARD ALBERTO'S RASH WORDS. AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS...
WH-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
TO THE DUNGEON WHERE THE LORD OF THE MANOR CAN THANK YOU IN PERSON. FOR WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING LATELY...


THE PATH TO THE CASTLE LED BY THE FOREST WHERE FRANCESCA LIVED...
NO, PLEASE, NOT THE DUNGEON! NO ONE...(SOB)... HAS EVER RETURN FROM IT ALIVE!
MY ALBERTO... THEY'RE TAKING MY ALBERTO AWAY!

FAST AS THE WIND, POOR FRANCESCA RAN TO HER SISTERS...
HAVE I EVER ASKED FOR ANYTHING BEFORE? JUST THIS ONCE, GRANT ME THE POWER TO RESCUE ALBERTO!
FOOL...

...DO YOU KNOW THE LAW? IF BLACK MAGIC BE USED TO SAVE A MORTAL FROM MORTAL DANGER, THE USER WILL TURN MORTAL AND LOSE ALL HER SPECTRAL POWERS!

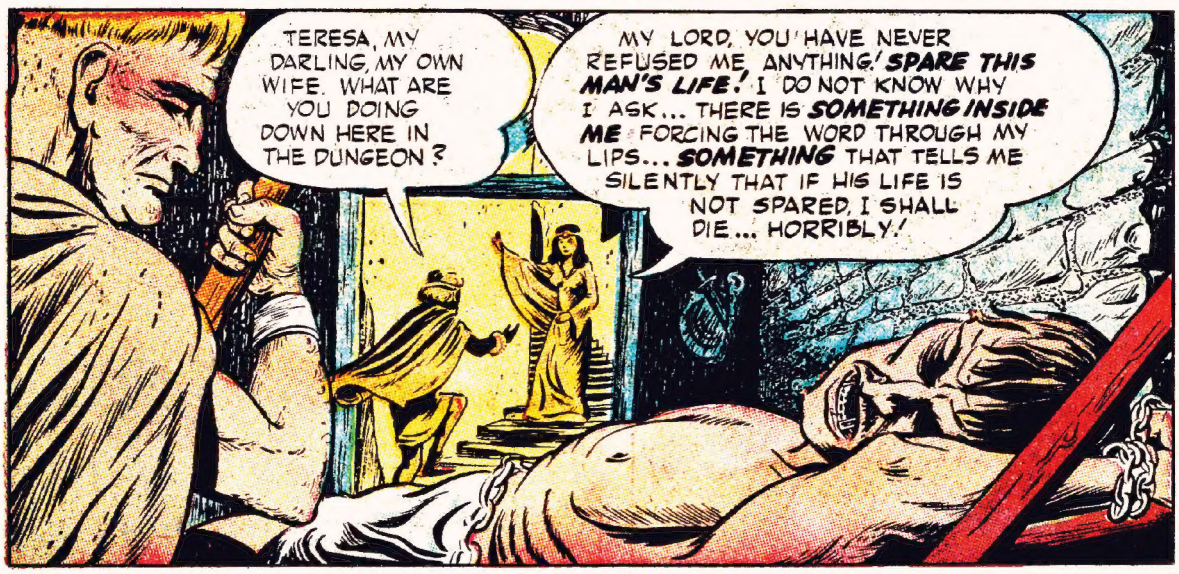
I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME. ALL I WANT IS TO SAVE HIM! JUST GIVE ME THE POWER, TELL ME HOW... AND THEN YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!
FRANCESCAS WITCH SISTERS SHRUGGED. ONCE A FOOL THEIR SHRUGS SIGNIFIED. ALWAYS A FOOL... THEY TURNED TO THE CAULDRON AND BEGAN TO CHANT. BEGAN TO CAST THE PROPER SPELL...

AND A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE CASTLE... A LOATHSOME BLACK CLOUD OOZED THROUGH THE OPEN CASEMENT INTO THE BEDCHAMBER OF THE NOBLEMAN'S WIFE...

THE CLOUD WAS FRANCESCA! AND NOW IN A GUSH OF LIQUID FLAME...
...SHE TOOK POSSESSION OF THE NOBLEWOMAN'S BODY!

AT THAT MOMENT DOWN IN THE DUNGEON, ALBERTO WAS CLOSE TO DEATH...
ONE MORE TURN, MY LORD, AND HIS ARMS WILL BE WRENCHED FROM THEIR SOCKETS!
TURN THEN... AND THEY WILL NEVER DO EVIL AGAIN!

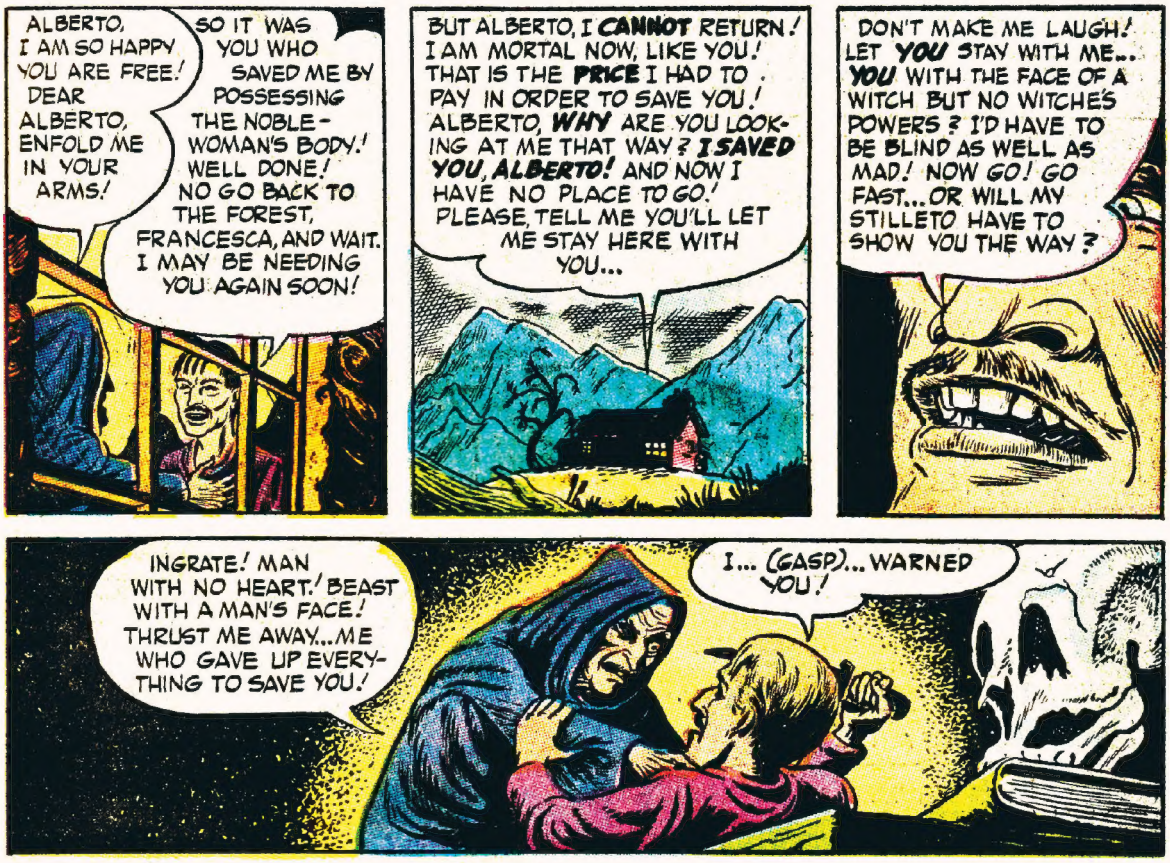
BUT THEN...
MY LORD, MY LORD, STOP!
WHO DARES BID ME STOP? THIS WRETCH ON THE RACK DESERVES NOT ONE, BUT A THOUSANDS DEATHS!


TERESA, MY DARLING, MY OWN WIFE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE IN THE DUNGEON?
MY LORD, YOU HAVE NEVER REFUSED ME ANYTHING! SPARE THIS MAN'S LIFE! I DO NOT KNOW WHY I ASK... THERE IS SOMETHING INSIDE ME FORCING THE WORD THROUGH MY LIPS... SOMETHING THAT TELLS ME SILENTLY THAT IF HIS LIFE IS NOT SPARED, I SHALL DIE... HORRIBLY!

UNBIND HIM! SET THE WRETCH FREE!
THANK HEAVEN...(GASP)... YOU LISTENED! THE SILENT... VOICE... HAS STOPPED... I AM NO LONGER IN DANGER!

ALBERTO WAS STILL RUNNING JOYOUSLY AWAY FROM THE CASTLE WHEN BACK IN THE BEDCHAMBER...
QUICK— WATER!
THE LADY'S FAINTED!
LOOK— A SLIMY BLACKNESS OOZING OUT THE WINDOW!

AND WHEN ALBERTO REACHED HIS HOVEL...
UGGGH! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?


ALBERTO, I AM SO HAPPY YOU ARE FREE! DEAR ALBERTO, ENFOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS!
SO IT WAS YOU WHO SAVED ME BY POSSESSING THE NOBLE-WOMAN'S BODY! WELL DONE! NOW GO BACK TO THE FOREST, FRANCESCA, AND WAIT. I MAY BE NEEDING YOU AGAIN SOON!
BUT ALBERTO, I CANNOT RETURN! I AM MORTAL NOW, LIKE YOU! THAT IS THE PRICE I HAD TO PAY IN ORDER TO SAVE YOU! ALBERTO, WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY? I SAVED YOU, ALBERTO! AND NOW I HAVE NO PLACE TO GO! PLEASE, TELL ME YOU'LL LET ME STAY HERE WITH YOU...
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! LET YOU STAY WITH ME... YOU WITH THE FACE OF A WITCH BUT NO WITCHE'S POWERS? I'D HAVE TO BE BLIND AS WELL AS MAD! NOW GO! GO FAST... OR WILL MY STILLETO HAVE TO SHOW YOU THE WAY?

THE STILLETO WAS STILL CLEAVING FLESH... WHEN ALREADY IN THE FOREST, THE EYES OF FRANCESCA'S WITCH-SISTERS WERE BLAZING WITH HATRED...

FRANCESCA IS DEAD...
MURDERED, FOULLY MURDERED...
IN RETURN FOR LOVE... OUR POOR SISTER'S HEART WAS PIERCED BY A STILLETO!
VENGEANCE WILL BE OURS IN DUE TIME, FRANCESCA. VENGEANCE WILL BE OURS!

THE WITCHES HAD SWORN VENGEANCE... BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, ALBERTO PROSPERED..

WHO IS THAT MAN WHO WALKS SO HAUGHTILY DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET?

SHHHH—THAT IS ALBERTO GASPARI! HE HAS GREAT POWERS! HE IS THE ONLY ONE EVER TO LEAVE THE DUNGEON ALIVE...

USING THE AWE PEOPLE HELD HIM IN, AND THE SIMPLE BLACK MAGIC FRANCESCA HAD TAUGHT HIM, HE ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AS A SORCERER...

MY HORSES ARE NO LONGER LAME! HERE... TAKE THIS BAG OF GOLD!

FOOL! WHO DO YOU THINK MADE THEM LAME IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I AM GRATEFUL I CAN USE MY POWERS IN THE SERVICE OF GOOD PEOPLE!

ALBERTO AMASSED GREAT WEALTH AND NOW HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN ALL OF TUSCANY. BUT WITH ALL HIS WEALTH AND POWER, A COLD FEAR LURKED INSIDE OF HIM...

THE WITCHES... WHEN WILL THE WITCHES COME? CAN IT BE THAT THEY ARE NOT VENGEFUL? DARE I BELIEVE THAT...?

ALWAYS HE WAS ON THE ALERT FOR SOME FAVOR HE MIGHT GRANT THE WITCHES TO MAKE AMENDS FOR POOR FRANCESCA'S FOUL DEATH. AND SO, ONE NIGHT...

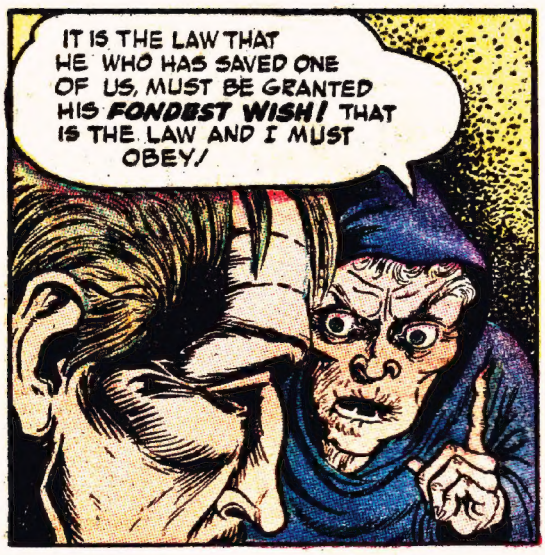
A WITCH BEING ATTACKED BY A VAMPIRE!

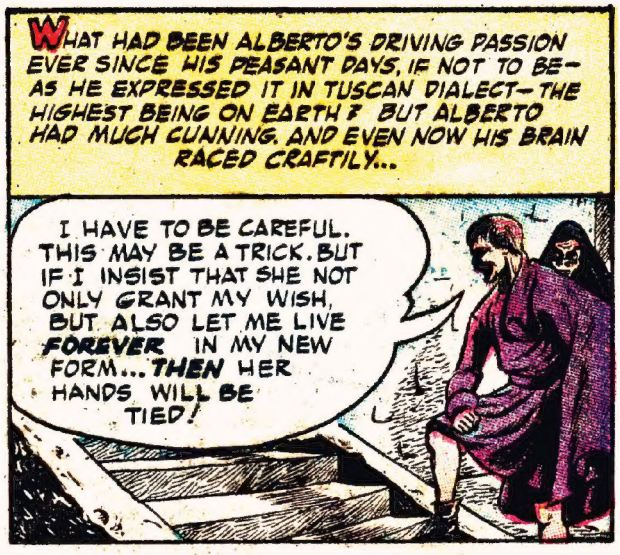
THIS WAS HIS CHANCE TO WIPE OUT HIS CRIME...

Y-YOU... (GASP)... SAVED ME!

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I AM ALBERTO GASPARI! YOU SEE WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU? A LIFE FOR A LIFE! I TOOK FRANCESCA'S... BUT I SAVED YOURS! NOW WE ARE EVEN!

NO, WE ARE **NOT EVEN**, ALBERTO GASPARI...

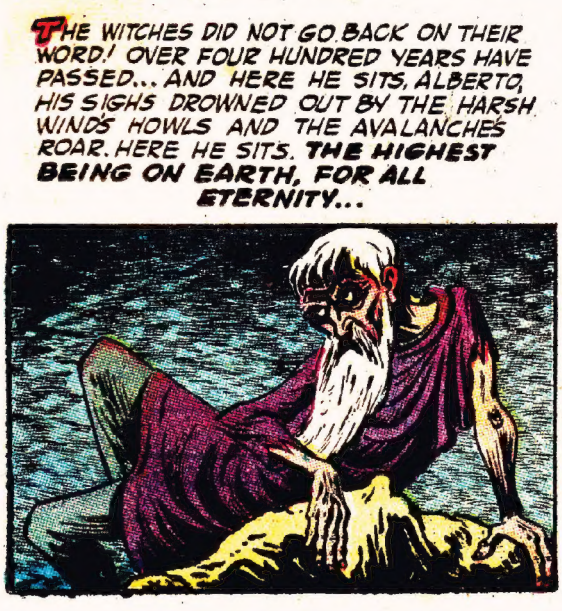

IT IS THE LAW THAT HE WHO HAS SAVED ONE OF US, MUST BE GRANTED HIS FONDEST WISH! THAT IS THE LAW AND I MUST OBEY!

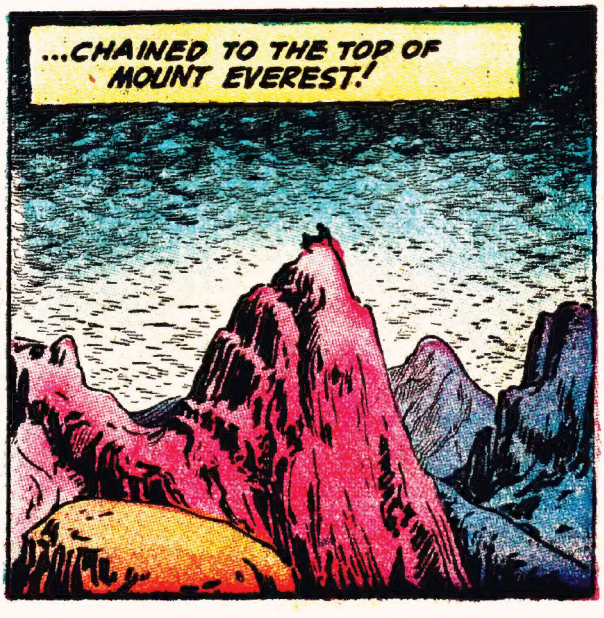

WHAT HAD BEEN ALBERTO'S DRIVING PASSION EVER SINCE HIS PEASANT DAYS, IF NOT TO BE— AS HE EXPRESSED IT IN TUSCAN DIALECT— THE HIGHEST BEING ON EARTH? BUT ALBERTO HAD MUCH CUNNING, AND EVEN NOW HIS BRAIN RACED CRAFTILY...
I HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. THIS MAY BE A TRICK. BUT IF I INSIST THAT SHE NOT ONLY GRANT MY WISH, BUT ALSO LET ME LIVE FOREVER IN MY NEW FORM... THEN HER HANDS WILL BE TIED!

SO ALBERTO STIPULATED HIS CONDITION, AND WHEN THE WITCH NODDED..
MAKE ME THE HIGHEST BEING ON EARTH!

THE ECHOES OF HIS WORDS WERE STILL WRITHING IN THE NIGHT AIR WHEN HE SUDDENLY FELT HIMSELF BEING BORNE ALOFT...
AIEEEEE

YOU PLAYED YOUR PART WELL, SISTER...
YOU CANNOT GO BACK ON YOUR WORD! IT IS THE LAW OF THE WITCHES, YOU MUST GRANT ME MY WISH! YOU MUST...
AIEEEE....


THE WITCHES DID NOT GO BACK ON THEIR WORD! OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PASSED... AND HERE HE SITS, ALBERTO, HIS SIGHS DROWNED OUT BY THE HARSH WIND'S HOWLS AND THE AVALANCHES ROAR. HERE HE SITS. THE HIGHEST BEING ON EARTH, FOR ALL ETERNITY...


...CHAINED TO THE TOP OF MOUNT EVEREST!